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Chronicle

Home News.—Less than ten hours after the railroad managers had yielded to the demand of the brotherhoods for an eight-hour day with ten hours' pay, the Supreme

Supreme Court's Decision

Court announced its decision, upholding by a vote of five to four the constitutionality of the Adamson eight-hour law. While this was a signal victory for the railroad brotherhoods, their enthusiasm was curbed by another equally important decision, forever disposing of the contention that their right to strike must remain unlimited. One and the same principle was applied by the Court to affirm the power of Congress to fix a legislative standard of wages, and to limit the rights of employees where protection of the public and the safety of interstate commerce required such steps. In a detailed explanation of the majority opinion Chief Justice White enumerated the acknowledged powers of Congress to regulate commerce, and then asked what purpose these would subserve if the Government had no power to prevent the public service from being thrown into confusion; or what benefit would accrue to society if because of a wage dispute a situation could be created "which if not remedied would leave the public helpless, the whole people ruined, and all the homes of the land submitted to a danger of the most serious character." The following are the important restrictions which it was decided that Congress might rightly place upon both the railroad employer and the employee:

As to the carrier; as engaging in the business of interstate commerce, carriage subjects the carrier to the lawful power of Congress to regulate * * * it follows that the very absence of the scale of wages by agreement and the impediment and destruction of interstate commerce which was threatened called for the appropriate and relevant remedy, the creation of a standard by operation of law binding upon the carrier.

As to the employee; here again it is obvious that what we have previously said is applicable and decisive, since whatever would be the right of an employee engaged in a private business to demand such wages as he desires, to leave the employment if he does not get them, and by concert of action agree with others to leave upon the same condition, such rights are necessarily subject to limitation when employment is accepted in a business charged with a public interest and as to which the power to regulate commerce possessed by Congress applied,

and the resulting right to fix in a case of disagreement and dispute a standard of wages as we have seen necessarily obtained.

The direct twofold effect of the law is first to establish an eight-hour day as basic in compulsory wage-scales on interstate roads, and secondly to remove for all time the menace of a railway strike such as recently threatened the country. The latter decision has aroused the wrath of Samuel Gompers, who declares it to be on a par with "the old reactionary despotism of Russia and Mexico."

The War.—The German retreat in France has continued during the week with the same precision and order. The British have occupied Croisilles, Velu, Berlincourt, Roisel, and numerous other towns and villages. The French have taken Ham, Clastres and the outskirts of Roupy, which is four and a half miles west of St. Quentin; they have also occupied St. Simon, Tegnier, Forts Liez and Vendeuil, which constitute the outer defenses of La Fere; Chauny is also in their possession and the whole country west of a line that runs from Chauny to the Aisnes at a point about five miles east of Soissons. The German resistance is noticeably stiffening especially against the British, and there are indications which tend to show that the retreat has come to an end. The Italians have lost the position of Costabello.

In Macedonia the French took Hill 1248 and the village of Rashtani, but the Central Powers announce that they have "compensated" for this loss. East of Vilna the Germans have taken the village of Saberezyna. In Rumania the Central Powers have occupied some positions between the Solyomtar and Czabanos Valleys. In Mesopotamia the British have driven the Turks still further north of Bagdad and have taken Bahriz. In Persia the Russians are following the retreating Turks and have occupied Harunabad and positions south of Bana.

The Germans report that the total destruction of tonnage by their submarines between February 1 and March 20 amounted to 1,185,560, the last million tons being sunk at the rate of 800,000 tons a month. According to a

statement given out by Berlin, the Möwe has returned to a German port, after sinking twenty-seven ships of a total tonnage of 131,100. On March 19, a submarine torpedoed and destroyed the French battleship Danton in the Mediterranean. 296 men were lost.

President Wilson has recalled the American Relief Committee from Belgium. His official statement, dated March 24, gives the following reason for his action: "The German Government's observance of its other undertakings has not been such that the Department would feel warranted in accepting responsibility for leaving those American citizens in German occupied territory." At the same time it was announced that the American Minister to Belgium is about to withdraw from that country to the temporary Belgian capital at Havre. According to the official statement of Washington he has been subjected to many indignities by the Germans.

Another overt act against the United States has been committed by the German Government. The American steamer, *Healdton*, was sunk by a German submarine on March 21, off Terschelling, Holland, without warning. Seven American citizens lost their lives.

Although it is generally admitted that a state of war exists between Germany and the United States, and that every preparation is being made to put the United States on a war footing, no official statement to that effect has been made by the Government. The situation, however, is serious enough to have made the President anticipate the date assigned for the extra session of Congress. The proclamation runs:

Whereas, public interests require that the Congress of the United States should be convened in extra session at 12 o'clock noon, on the second day of April, 1917, to receive a communication concerning grave matters of national policy, which should be taken immediately under consideration,

Now therefore I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim and declare that an extraordinary occasion requires the Congress of the United States to convene in extra session at the Capitol in the city of Washington on the second day of April, 1917, at 12 o'clock noon, of which all persons who shall at that time be entitled to act as members thereof are hereby required to take notice.

The measures Congress may take will largely depend on what acts of aggression Germany commits in the meantime.

France.—The ministerial crisis was so completely overshadowed by other events, both in the country itself and abroad, that there has been little comment on the new Cabinet. It has been well enough received and it is considered adequate for the task, but, on the whole, it seems to have left the public indifferent. The new Premier, M. Alexandre Ribot, in forming the Cabinet in forty-eight hours, is understood to have beaten all speed records. His task does not seem to have been an easy one, for his list changed many times before it became permanent. The personnel of the new Cabinet is as follows: Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M.

Alexandre Ribot; Minister of Justice, M. René Viviani; Minister of War, M. Paul Painlevé; Minister of Marine, Admiral Lacaze; Minister of Munitions, M. Albert Thomas; Minister of Finance, M. Joseph Thierry; Minister of the Interior, M. Louis J. Malvy; Minister of Public Instruction, M. Jules Steeg; Minister of Public Works, M. Georges Desplas; Minister of Commerce, M. Etienne Clementel; Minister of Agriculture, M. Fernand David; Minister of Subsistence, M. Maurice Violette; Minister of Labor, M. Léon Bourgeois; Minister of the Colonies, M. André Maginot; Under-Secretary of Aviation, M. Daniel Vincent.

All sections of Republican opinion are represented in the new Cabinet. Premier Ribot belongs to the Republican Union; Albert Thomas to the United Socialist group; René Viviani, Paul Painlevé, and Maurice Violette to the Socialistic Republicans. Louis J. Malvy, Georges Desplas, Jules Steeg, Etienne Clementel, Fernand David, Léon Bourgeois and Daniel Vincent belong to the Radical and Socialistic Radical groups, while André Maginot belongs to the Republican Left and Joseph Thierry to the Democratic Right.

Probably the best-known men, with the exception of Viviani, in the new Cabinet, the fourth Cabinet in France since the war began, are Alexandre Ribot and Léon Bourgeois. Both have long ministerial careers behind them, especially the new Premier M. Ribot, who has continuously been Finance Minister, even before the war until his resignation last week, while M. Bourgeois was a Minister without portfolio in the first Briand Ministry of October, 1915. Professor Painlevé made his first appearance in this same Ministry as Minister of Public Instruction and Inventions and was appointed to the same office in the reorganized Cabinet of December, 1916. Albert Thomas was Under-Secretary of War and of Munitions in the first Briand War Ministry after serving as Minister of Commerce in the Viviani Cabinet. Admiral Lacaze has presided over the Navy Department ever since the first Briand War Ministry came in, although last week for a brief period he added to his duties those of Minister of War after the resignation of General Lyautey. M. Thierry, a well-known lawyer and political economist, was Under-Secretary for Subsistence in the Cabinet of October, 1915. M. Malvy was Minister of the Interior in the Viviani and Briand Ministries. M. Steeg is the editor of *La Lanterne* and *La Revue Bleue*. He has been a Deputy from the Fourteenth Arrondissement of Paris for a number of years. M. Desplas comes to office for the first time. M. Clementel had served under various Ministries as Minister of Commerce before the war and then held that post in the first Briand Ministry, combining it with that of Agriculture in the second which has just resigned. M. David was Minister of Agriculture in the first Viviani War Cabinet. MM. Violette, Maginot and Vincent are comparatively new men and but little known at the Palais Bourbon.

Ireland.—The Imperial Government intends to make another effort to settle the question of Home Rule. This decision was announced on March 22 by the Chancellor

*The Home Rule
Question Reopened*

of the Exchequer, Mr. Bonar Law, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons on a resolution offered by Sir James Dalziel, Liberal, urging the Government to make another attempt to settle the Irish difficulty. The Dalziel motion accordingly was voted down. The Nationalists, considering that they had already stated their position, took no part in the debate, during which, with one exception, Unionist and Liberal speakers evidenced a desire for a settlement. The exception was Lord Hugh Cecil, who did not think that war-time was favorable for such an attempt.

The Dalziel resolution urged the Government to take immediate steps to bring about a settlement of the Irish question. According to the resolution, Ireland was a weak spot in the task before the country, and the Government in consequence should appoint a commission to settle the Home Rule controversy. Sir James Dalziel added that Great Britain had entered the war for a scrap of paper; but he was unable to forget the existence of an Irish scrap of paper which was indorsed by the will of the British people. It would be impossible for the Government to persevere with its motion to extend the life of the present Parliament, he continued, if there was a solid body of opinion in the House of Commons against it, and every day's delay was recruiting supporters for the physical-force party in Ireland.

Ronald McNeill, Unionist member for Kent, protested against the suggestion of the Nationalist member, John Dillon, made in a former debate, that negotiations had been entered on between the Ulster leaders and Baron Kuhlmann. This trumped-up charge, he declared, would prove an obstacle to the settlement of the controversy. He further expressed the belief that the statesmen of the Colonies would refuse to have anything to do with an Irish Commission. Mr. Bonar Law welcomed the tone of the debate. He said that far from desiring a general election on the Irish question, as had been suggested, he detested such an idea. The present situation, however, was a blemish on British statesmanship, besides being a handicap in carrying on the war. All parties, he said, agreed that it was impossible to impose a settlement on Ulster by force. The Government, he continued, was anxious for an adjustment, but sacrifices must be made on both sides. He hoped that Ulster would prove less adamant, and if the Nationalists would openly signify their readiness to act in the same spirit of the British parties, their task would prove a much easier one. "If we make another attempt and fail," he said, "the position will be worse. But we have decided, in spite of the risk, that it is worth while for us who are responsible to make that attempt." Former Premier Asquith having expressed his gratification at the statement of the Chancellor, said: "I think it better to make the attempt and

fail, than not to make it at all, and I am certain that the Government will have not only the sympathy but the active cooperation of the whole House."

The plan of the Government seems so far to be only vaguely outlined. The general idea prevailing in semi-official circles, is that it would appoint a commission to deal with the Irish question, on which Colonial representatives would sit.

Rome.—Addressing a private Consistory on March 22, the Holy Father said that he wished to hold the Consistory in order to keep up the traditions of the Church

*Two Congregations
Fused*

and to make announcements for the filling of the vacant sees. He also announced a reform which he thought it proper to introduce. He recalled the reform effected by Pius X in 1908, adding that Pope Pius intended to make a further change when the opportunity offered. This reform related to the Roman Congregations. The present circumstances, said Benedict XV, permitted of the change contemplated by Pope Pius. This consisted in the abolition of the Congregation of the Index as a separate Congregation and its amalgamation with the Congregation of the Holy Office, the purpose and aims of which were similar. For the same reason and to lessen the work of the Holy Office, the Pontiff had decided to transfer that section of the Congregation concerned with indulgences to the Apostolic Tribunal of the Penitentiaria.

Russia.—The great revolution has been successful thus far. General Michael Alexieff, it was announced on March 18, received telegrams from all the commanders

*Progress of the
Revolution*

promising the army's support of the new Government, and Foreign Minister Milyukoff assured the Russian diplomats that: "The Government of which I form a part will devote all its energy to preparation of victory and will apply itself to the task of repairing as quickly as possible the errors of the past." In an appeal to the nation by the Provisional Government the promise is made that

While taking measures indispensable for the defense of the country against a foreign enemy, the Government will consider it its first duty to grant the people every facility to express its will concerning the political administration and will convoke as soon as possible a Constituent Assembly on the basis of universal suffrage, at the same time assuring the gallant defenders of the country their share in the parliamentary elections. The Constituent Assembly will issue fundamental laws guaranteeing the country the immutable rights of equality and liberty.

On March 22 came the news that the Provisional Government had ordered the arrest of the deposed Czar and his wife and they were now confined in the Tsarskoe Selo Palace in Petrograd, and some 200 of Nicholas's late ministers, courtiers and adherents are also under arrest.

The United States was the first nation to recognize

the new Russian Government. On March 22 Ambassador Francis, accompanied by his staff, including the naval and military attachés, went to the Merinsky Palace, where the Council of Ministers had gathered, and made our formal recognition of the new Government, and subsequently the British, French and Italian Ambassadors also gave it their recognition. Regarding what form of government Russia is to have, M. Kerensky, the Minister of Justice, after denying that there had been any discord between workingmen, soldiers and members of the Government, is reported to have said:

I am a Republican and think I know what kind of a government Russia wants, but, as a member of the Government, I will not try to bring any pressure upon the popular opinion which will render the decision. The keynote of the new Government will be tolerance toward all. The members of the old Government who are under arrest will have a regular trial. There will be no summary military procedure, no courts-martial and I believe that I can promise you that capital punishment will be definitely abandoned in the near future. Among other reforms will be the establishment of freedom of the press.

Steps toward home rule in Finland are also being taken, autonomy is promised Poland, and from our Ambassador at Petrograd comes the announcement that: "All restrictions limiting the rights of Jews to enter universities and schools in Russia have already been removed, and they are now permitted to enter any school or university in the Empire."

Spain.—King Alfonso has recently been the object of a remarkable demonstration of esteem and affection on the part of the entire Spanish nation. The form of

The Councils and the King

this act of homage and loyalty originally proposed by the Alcalde of Lema, an obscure locality in the Basque country, was a resolution voted by all the Councils to be presented by their representatives to the King in person. The resolution stated that in recognition of the humanitarian efforts of King Alfonso in behalf of the wounded and prisoners of all the belligerent countries, he should command that his own name should be placed first amongst the Knights of Beneficence, and that he should wear the Grand Cross of the Order. The response of the Councils was practically unanimous. Out of the 2,200 Councils in the country, only 150, owing mainly to the difficulty of communication and local causes, were without representation in the solemn act of homage to the King which took place in the Royal Palace, Madrid. On that occasion one hundred volumes were presented to his Majesty, two from each of the forty-nine peninsular provinces, one from the islands and one from Africa. In fifty of these volumes were inscribed the resolutions of the various Councils requesting the honor for the King, and in the other fifty the addresses to his Majesty, praising his humanitarian work. The Alcalde of Madrid, the Duke of Almodovar del Valle,

made the presentation speech in presence of the representatives of the whole country, saying among other things, that as formerly King Alfonso was known outside Spain as the courageous King, in future he should be known as the humanitarian King, and that he was for his people the standard and torch-bearer of the resurrection of Spain, which once more must be the country it formerly was.

The reply of the Sovereign was a modest acceptance of the homage. He referred all the credit of his efforts to the unanimous sentiment of the Spanish people and their ardent desire for the relief of so much suffering. Spain, he said, which formerly carried its victorious banners over the very same ground on which the greatest battles of history are being waged, is now working for one thing alone, the real good of humanity. Therefore the honor which was solicited for him was due rather to Spain itself. He had therefore decided to place the Grand Cross intended for him on the colors of the regiment of cavalry which bears his name. In conclusion, the King said that he had a profound faith in the future of Spain and expected to see his country at no distant date what it was in the days of its glory. To accomplish this, he said, it was necessary for every one in his own sphere to comply with his individual duties. He appealed to the representatives to do all in their power for the good of the various districts and added that his one wish was that his people should be prosperous and happy.

The New York *Tribune*, summarizing recent consular reports from Spain gives the following facts: One of the leading railroads of the country recently published

The Railroads

a statement setting forth that it had placed orders in the United States for 1,500 cars of twenty tons each and fifteen locomotives. If the latter are satisfactory, fifty more will be ordered. Other Spanish railroads are required by a royal order to procure such locomotives and cars as they may need to handle the increase of traffic now everywhere visible in the peninsula. That the United States is not the only country suffering from congestion of traffic is shown by the reports to the effect that the lack of vessels for the coastwise trade and the high cost of freight have thrown upon the Spanish railroads a volume of merchandise for which the rolling stock is inadequate. The railroad companies are experiencing difficulties in increasing their material, many foreign sources of importation are cut off, and the Spanish car-builders are unable to accept further orders for early delivery.

During the normal years of 1911, 1912 and 1913 Spain imported annually an average of 50,000 tons of railroad material, such as cars, locomotives, wheels, tenders, etc., whereas, in 1914 and 1915 together, these imports amounted only to 31,000 tons, an annual average of 15,500 tons. At the same time the railroads have extended their lines, and industries have increased.

The Cult of Flippancy

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

A SERIES of Mr. W. L. George's essays were recently published. Readers of AMERICA have made the acquaintance of this writer through his serious allusion, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, to the Ecumenical Council said to have deliberated upon the question whether woman has a soul. After other equally brilliant displays of historic ignorance Mr. George now offers an entire volume dealing with such topics as "The Intelligence of Woman," "The Downfall of the Home," "The Breakup of the Family," together with various articles on marriage. These have been his subjects in serious magazines.

Mr. George is glad that all old things are going. For him only the new is worth consideration. He rejoices, for instance, that "there is no place like home, which is one comfort, for, thank God, it is going." He finds it good, too, that the old reverence for mother is disappearing, and no wonder, for "now mother pretends to be very socialistic or very fast; on the whole she affects rather the fast style." Mr. George's acquaintances must be very select and of the very best people. But then of the modern mother he hastens to add that her offspring do not say: "What is home without a mother? Peace, perfect peace." But the modern mother is ever so much better than the old foggy mother, though "she is a little too conscientious perhaps," but then, in Mr. George's question: "Is not brown paint in the dining room worse than pink paint on the face?"

"Clever" is the word all Mr. George's critics have used with regard to his essays. Clever people, I may recall, are sharp at the point but not large at the head. There is a formula for this cleverness. Here it is: Take all the old-fashioned proverbs and maxims and put a "not" in them; or take all the old moral and social truths, literally all of them, and put a question mark or exclamation point after them. Then add some flippant remarks about all the beautiful things of life.

Woman of the modern time is ever so much better than her ancient sister, declares Mr. George. This is true of the mothers above all, because "As mothers they did not start with the prejudices left in the male mind by the slow evolution from one form of learning to another; women did not have to live down Plato, Descartes, or Adam Smith; they began on Haeckel and H. G. Wells." Of course anybody that begins on Haeckel and H. G. Wells gets "to know it all" very soon. That must be how Mr. George started. He does not seem to have got very far, even in them, for, since the war at least, Mr. Wells has developed some regard for the past.

Mr. George foresees the breakup of the family. It is going to come mainly because young folk must have

their rights and at the present time they are not getting them. Think of high-class magazines publishing such "rot" as this: "I suspect that after sixteen or some other early age children will, if they choose, be entitled to leave home for some municipal hostel where for a while their parents will be compelled to pay for their support." The real question in family relations, according to Mr. George, is:

By what right should this creature, for whom you are responsible, be tied to a house into which it has been called unconsulted? Why should it submit to your moral and religious views, to your friends, to your wall paper? It is a strong case, and I believe that as time goes on and the law is strengthened the young will more and more tend to leave their homes. In good liberal homes they will stay, but the others they will abandon, and I believe that no social philosopher will regret that children should leave homes where they stay only because they are fed and not because they love.

Duty has absolutely no place in Mr. George's scheme of things. In spite of the way the war has mobilized even the writers and literary folk generally in the warring countries, Mr. George says: "The man who dies for his country because he loves it is an idealist and a hero; the man who does that because he thinks it his duty is a fool." In view of this it is not surprising that Mr. George rejoices over the fact that the idea of duty is gradually disappearing from the child's mind. He says: "The conception of duty has suffered; from the child's point of view it is almost extinct; it has been turned up side down and there is a growth of opinion that the parents should have the duties and the child the privileges." We have heard it said: "There is just as much obedience in the American family as ever, only now the parents obey the children." But then that expression, when used originally, was considered to be humor, now we have the solemn justification of it, and young folk are to read it and be told that this is the only correct view for them to take. They are to begin as early as possible to get out of life all they can and not to care "a snap" about others, for they do not count. Self is the only being worth serious consideration.

Of course it is perfectly evident why such articles appear in what are usually supposed to be serious publications. It is definitely recognized among editors that young people must be attracted to their magazines. Above all young women must be allured into reading, and as no one lives or dresses the part of a grandmother now, all the women *must* be young. Hence magazines are crowded with stories of the adventures of young women who get into the most questionable and compromising situations, but are supposed to come out of them all unscathed in reputation, but not in morals. The

magazines must be made for the young and especially for young girls. Mr. George's articles have a special appeal to such, and to women generally, because the underlying thought in all of them is that everything was wrong in the past, and now we are making it right. The rising generation is the only thing that counts. The old folk are merely intruders who are overstaying their time. Duty is foolishness and morality is old "fogyness," and as for self-denial or mortification or any of those old fool notions, "Don't mention them!"

Personally I consider that reading of this kind is almost more dangerous for young people than sex stories. Youth has a definite tendency to be selfish, thoughtless of others, careless of duty and reluctant in self-denial. It needs the most careful training, therefore, to keep boys and girls from manifesting these unfortunate traits. Any encouragement given to their further development is particularly deplorable. Think, then, of our so-called serious magazines catering to this moral decadence, just for the sake of attracting younger readers, or catching

the attention of thoughtless women by ignorant, historic falsehoods! It is almost sufficient to make one despair of our modern periodic literature. Apparently one supreme quality of a modern magazine is its circulation. That must be cared for at any cost, though the world should fall in ruins. Here is a lesson for parents who carelessly introduce such literature into their homes.

Perhaps women may think that Mr. George as a feminist is bringing new strength to their cause by his cleverness, for he is said to be popular among women readers, but if these principles of utter selfishness are to have any hold on young hearts, women are just exactly the ones who will suffer most from them. Our social life is largely dependent on women, and is only possible when there is thoughtfulness for others. That the respect even of children for parents should be rudely dismissed as a stupid notion, which the progress of evolution is making a thing of the past, is indeed an interesting doctrine to have taught to our boys and girls. It is easy to indicate the next step in this "evolution."

Spiritism Against Christianity

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

THE ranks of Spiritists are alarmingly swelling, as was to be expected since Sir Oliver Lodge and Maurice Maeterlinck lifted their torches to light the way to the land of shades. The war has so overwrought European nerves that, to save themselves from slipping into utter despair, people simply must grasp at a doctrine confirmative of a further existence. It is too painful to believe that the millions of brave young men who flourished on the Continent only yesterday are quite annihilated today. Could their heroism and sacrifice possibly end in dust?

In emphatic negation, Maeterlinck has affirmed the conservation of spirit: the valorous souls of dead heroes live on in the bodies of those that are left behind, inspiring and supplementing courageousness. However, this is more poetic than scientific; and the modern intellect, still tinctured with positivism from the past century, asks for material proof even of the spiritual. Men want the survival of personality badly, but, even so, they are solicitous that science prove it.

According to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the most recent prominent witness, the dual desire is now gratified. No longer do we need the musty tomes of misty theologies. Up-to-date Spiritism is all-sufficient. It assures Europe, weeping for her children and hitherto refusing to be comforted, that immortality is their portion; it makes widows hear the loved voice again, and mothers whose hands grope in darkness clasp once again those of the vanished child. Of course, Sir Oliver Lodge, who claims in his latest book, "Raymond, or Life and Death,"

to hold communication with his dead soldier-son, commends Sir Arthur, who strongly asserts that "we should now be at the close of the stage of investigation and beginning the period of religious construction."

The sorry probability is, that the religious renaissance which promises to be the chief blessing of the great upheaval, will be much hurt by this new and popular cultivation of "spirits." But if it is effectively demonstrated in these days which try men's souls, that the Church offers just as comforting and much more certain evidences of a realm where our loved ones live again, than does Spiritism, many of the distracted folk, who are fleeing for solace to a religion based on frisky tables, may revert to that which Christ established on a rock. Now is the acceptable time for Catholics and Christians in general to expend their best efforts in exposing the weakness of Spiritism and proposing the truth, strength, and beauty of the old doctrine.

Admittedly Spiritism bristles with difficulties, in spite of the unqualified approval of these two English peers. They believe that spiritistic phenomena are genuine. In this, respect is to be accorded them, if not credence. But granted that the alleged marvels are the work of intelligent, invisible agents—and this is a tremendous concession—is any proof of the survival of personality afforded thereby? Spirits which never inhabited a human body may be the actors, instead of the souls of our dead. To be sure, the phenomenon of materialization, or induced apparition, which should conclusively establish the identity of spirits, is now very much at

mediumistic command and, consequently, scientific demand. But science is still hampered; for the law from which mediums generally concede no exception, is that the place be dark in which the materialization occurs. Deception is well associated with darkness. "Give me light," exclaimed the old Grecian warrior, "and Ajax wants no more!" Similar is the cry of that brand of science which is not too credulous to be scientific. Until there is permission to strike a match or press an electric-button *ad libitum*, scepticism is just.

The further fact that materialized spirits actually wear clothes—nay, can be photographed!—produces further diffidence. Spirits which are material enough for this, are material enough not to be spirits. Again, a great obstacle to apparitions as spiritistic evidence of discarnate existence, is that they deal with the living as well as with the dead. Evident as it is that a body is only where it is, common-sense tells us that such apparitions of living persons are mere hallucinations. But since such is true of the living, who will ever be sure that it is not true of the dead?

So Spiritism must depend on the "messages" which it receives, if it persists in trying to prove a future life. And even here it is decidedly weak. For, according to Lodge, telepathy is the means of communication between us and the unseen world. But if telepathy is possible at all, why can it not be between living persons, as well as between the living and those who have passed beyond the grave? Now, if there can be such communication among the living, when can we ever be certain that the so-called "spirit" messages come from the dead?

And even if the messages were proved to be spiritistic, as Lodge and Doyle maintain, they may be of little benefit as evidence of a future life. The *sine qua non* of such evidence is clear and systematic proof of the identity of discarnate souls. No one would feel complimented or comforted to have communed with a devil. As Hyslop, our American investigator, remarks, "Spiritism to be trusted must first give messages that represent super-normal knowledge, must afford facts that illustrate and prove the personal identity of the person represented as communicating." But these extremely important conditions seem unfulfilled. Separated from the body, the soul, as Hyslop admits, forgets terrestrial concerns or remembers them imperfectly. If this is so, we can hardly expect disembodied agents to prove satisfactorily that they are really not spirits of darkness and perversity, but our own dear departed. As for the required super-normal knowledge, one sees in the "messages" only a chaos of errors and mundane trifles. Revelations from the immortal spheres? Rather emanations from the limitations of earth. He that is of the earth is earthly and speaketh of the earth. A flower of spirit-thought plucked from that singular tome, "Light from the Spirit World," may pardonably be presented: "Wisdom is not knowledge, and knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom is

not folly and folly is not wisdom. Those who have not wisdom must get it where it is to be found." Ye philosophers, mongers of the abstruse, list to a logic of lucidity incomparable!

These facts weaken the whole structure of Spiritism: the spirits of individuals, yet alive but supposed to be dead, have actually communicated, unknown to themselves. The orthodox Spiritist piously protests that evil spirits sometimes regale themselves with a little impersonation. Deception in the other world as well as in this? Yes; for the spirits themselves, when detected in error, sometimes make full confession.

Where there is evidence of deception, how can there be indication of truth? It is apparent that the spirits of Spiritism are evil. Their raucous laughs, outrageous lies, flippant diction, and frequent blasphemies, proclaim them imps rather than the personalities of our virtuous dead. Is it with such that men will numerously enter into alliance? God forbid! How different is the wild future life which Spiritism preaches from that which Christianity teaches—a peaceful, ordered existence wherein souls, far from reveling in banalities and inanities, see God face to face and enjoy every rational pleasure which communion with the Divine Source of Reason signifies. Science has not succeeded in proving that there is life on Mars. Why does it presume to deal with the far more distant realm of spirit and declare that it has lifted the veil? But if science has indeed reached another world, that world seems to be the lower one. Can consoling and convincing proofs of a future life come from the abyss?

Are the unscrupulous and mendacious spirits of Spiritism to be preferred to the testimony of Christ, of the martyrs' blood, of the centuries' conviction, of the doctors' scrolls? Are such arguments to be flipped to the rear or the waste-basket, because Lodge, Maeterlinck and Doyle propose new ones? A Christian is urged to the suspicion that, if there is any truth in Spiritism, it is the Prince of Liars who is putting it there. Would he not exercise all his forces to unmake or mar the great revival of Christianity? Quite naturally he might be expected to be busy these days when England is bending the knee, France saying the *Confiteor*, Germany crossing herself, and the tear-laden eyes of the world turning to the stars. Perhaps in Spiritism he finds and is playing his trump card, "that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not shine unto them." Is the coming of Spiritism "according to the working of Satan, in all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and in all seduction and iniquity to them that perish; because they receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved"? Holy Scripture sounds a warning: "God shall send them the operation of error, to believe lying: that all men may be judged who have not believed the truth." It behooves Christians earnestly to hurl at Lucifer's present-day spiritistic scheme, if his it be, javelins of argument and prayer.

The Ethics of Just Prices

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

THE question of prices is of universal interest. For the poor it is a matter of daily and often of anxious consideration. Just prices and fair wages are two hinges on which revolves the economic welfare of the world. On the proper solution of these two cardinal problems depends far more than the mere material prosperity of a nation, for extortionate prices and unfair wages form together one of the most serious social and moral perils of our age. They are not indeed the fatalistic cause of radicalism and vice, as non-Catholic sociologists often teach, but they are the fruitful occasion of these evils.

The ethics of modern "commercialism" are familiar to us all. "Demand for your product the highest returns you can prudently hope to gain," is the pithy counsel of the worldly-wise. "Eliminate competition by all expedient means that you may safely increase your demands. There is no Decalogue in trade. Keep within the bounds of the law, wherever it is effective, and do not exasperate the people to the danger point; but multiply your profits in the surest way you can. This is the golden rule."

Far other are the principles of the Church. They permit a margin of profits which will enable commerce to flourish in a healthy state, but at the same time they provide that the life-blood of trade may circulate freely through the veins and arteries of the social body for the common good. They forbid excessive charges, a source of wealth to a few, a cause of hunger to many. They neither allow the cancer of capitalistic selfishness to fasten itself upon the social body, nor suffer the paralysis of Socialism to afflict society. The principle of just prices is thus expressed by the greatest of theologians, St. Thomas:

Buying and selling were introduced for the common benefit of both purchaser and vender, since each stands in need of what belongs to the other. The exchange, however, intended for the common benefit of both, ought not to impose a greater hardship upon one than upon the other party to the contract, which should be objectively equal (*secundum aequalitatem rei*). But the worth of the article applied to human use is measured by the price paid for it, and for this purpose money was invented. Wherefore the equality of justice is destroyed if either the price exceeds the complete value of the article, or the article exceeds the price in value. Whence it follows that to sell an article at a higher, or to buy it at a lower price than its worth is in itself unjust and illicit. (*Sum. Theol.*, 2, 2, 9, 77, a. 1.)

There is consequently an obligation in conscience of neither selling above the just price, which represents the value of an article at a given time and place, nor forcing a sale beneath it. But how is this just price to be determined? Is it mathematically defined for any period and locality, or is it sufficiently elastic to expand and contract within fixed limits?

From what has already been said it is clear that the Church will not admit as a general principle that a price is just simply because it has been agreed upon between

seller and buyer. So likewise she will not admit that wages are just simply because they were determined by a "free" contract between employer and employed. On this principle the stronger in wealth or the more cunning in wit could always take advantage of his weaker and more innocent brother. Such is the theory of liberalism and modern commercialism, but such is not the doctrine of the Church of Christ. Yet neither is she extreme in any of her views, and her teachers readily concede that in exceptional instances, where no other standard can be applied, prices must be based upon free agreement between purchaser and seller. Such is the case where there is question of curios, rarities, masterpieces of art or other articles of extraordinary value, or objects whose real worth neither party is able rightly to appraise. Such is the case likewise where articles are sold that have already been worn by use. The price then determined by free agreement is technically known as the "conventional" price. So, too, the price at an auction sale is that which an article can bring according to honest bidding.

Aside from such rare exceptions, however, the just price will be either the "legal" or the "common" price. The former is the price definitely prescribed by the law, where such exists. Thus in the Middle Ages the prices of the principal commodities were determined by the guilds, and strict adherence to these rulings was enforced by the guild officials supported by the civic authorities. Legal prices are always binding in conscience, unless obviously unjust.

Where legal regulations do not exist, there remains but one way in which the just price can ordinarily be determined, and that is by the common estimation of men setting the value of any article in a given time and place. This is known as the "common" or "natural" price.

The common price, as we can readily understand, is not to be determined, like the legal price, with mathematical precision. Catholic moralists, therefore, acknowledge a highest, a lowest, and an average or mean common price, all of which remain within the strict limits of justice, according to the popular estimation of men. They indicate respectively the highest price at which truly honest men would try to sell an article, the lowest at which they might try to purchase it from others, and the average at which it would be ordinarily sold by such bargainners. The margin between the highest and lowest just price is greatest in commodities that minister to mere pleasure and luxury, and least in those that pertain to the necessities of life. St. Alphonsus has laid down a rule which is accepted as applicable in the sale of ordinary articles. Thus if the mean just price is five, he says, then the highest price might rise to six, and the lowest fall to four; if the mean common price is ten, the extremes will be eight and eleven; if the mean is 100, the extremes may be 95 and 105. Others admit that these prices might reach to 90 and 110 without injustice. The proportion naturally cannot remain the same as when the sum is small.

In determining the just price there is question not of an individual judgment, but of a social judgment formed by the great body of buyers and sellers, who together sufficiently take into account all the factors that can reasonably enter into the process of production, transportation and sale. The estimate to be followed is the common estimate of the place in which the sale is made even though this should differ widely from that obtaining in other lands.

While the highest as well as the lowest common prices are just, yet an injustice is committed whenever either the highest or lowest just prices are secured in place of a less favorable just price by real fraud. We can readily understand therefore how criminally unjust it is to raise or depress by unrighteous means the common or natural market price, which may be said to coincide with the common or natural price of moral theologians. We thus see how practical is the teaching of the Church upon this as upon all other questions.

Accidentally, however, the price may be raised above the normal value of the article, according to St. Thomas, when the person who sells it suffers some special loss by parting with it. This principle is further developed by Catholic moralists who mention various exceptional instances in which the highest common just price may be exceeded, as when the seller has a particular affection for the article which, for example, might be an heirloom in his family; or when he sacrifices opportunities of future gains by parting with it at a certain time. Similarly an article may be bought below the lowest common just price when the seller comes of his own accord in order to dispose of it. Even here, however, no undue advan-

tage may be taken when poverty or necessity urge such a step.

St. Thomas, and so likewise St. Alphonsus, would not permit any article to be sold above the highest common just price because of any special value it might have for the purchaser. "If any one," writes the Angelic Doctor, "derives great advantage from what he buys, but he who sells the article suffers no loss by parting with it, then the latter may not sell it at a higher price (than the highest common price). The reason is because the special advantage which the object possesses for the purchaser does not arise from the seller, but solely from the condition of the buyer. But no one may sell to another what is not his own." It is, however, considered quite proper that the purchaser should freely give a donation over and above the just price which he pays.

Father Noldin, with some other modern moralists, is of opinion that there is nevertheless reason for charging above the highest common just price in such a case, but he would not, of course, permit this charge to become exorbitant. In common with all other theologians he moreover expressly states that such an exception can apply only where the purchaser has in view his own convenience and pleasure. All Catholic moralists agree, with perfect unanimity, that it would be an injustice to charge more than the normally just price because another stands in real need of any object: "The mere want and necessity which force a person to buy are not ratable at a price."

How vastly different this from the doctrine and practice of the unjust commercialism of our day! These modern methods will next be discussed.

"Two or Three Books—or Something"

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM, M.A.

IT was on the route to the Mediterranean in those golden days before the war, when one might sojourn on southern seas for a fortnight in a sweet tranquillity now unknown. I was dreaming idly in my steamer chair wondering if Madeira would loom into view before dusk or if the lovely isle would await until dawn to greet us. It was not a gainful thought; it advanced no human work; it plotted the equation of no forces of action. But a holiday steamer asks none of this workaday, vulgar efficiency. I was more efficient at eavesdropping. It was one of those venial, very pardonable moments of listening, when someone in the next chair talks loudly to drown the voice of the wind, and the wind revenges itself by sweeping the conversation into your ear.

"That is he just passing; my son says he studied his text-books in college. What a great mind he must have had once! Poor man, he seems all worn out now. What a pity!"

"Yes," rejoined the lady's companion, "I heard yesterday that he wrote two or three books—or something. Why will people go in for studying and writing books when there is so much money in business?"

It was interesting while it lasted; but the subject was now apparently closed. Yet, on second thought, it may be that the wind shifted, or that I preferred my musings on the propinquity of Madeira. I do not remember: before the war is ever a long time.

The next evening, after a day amid the roses and palms, I was standing somewhere in the after part of the liner watching the dim outlines of the island fade away into the world of things left behind. Not far away in the moonlight stood the old professor, quiet, pensive, alone. A sentimentalist might say that he was thinking sadly of his youth-time as symbolized by the beauteous receding island. But in all likelihood he was not. Age is probably not the tragedy of regrets that youth sometimes believes

it to be; it is the final act of the play, but not the entire drama; and sometimes the sweetest joy comes just before the curtain falls. But there was a certain pathos that wove itself into my contemplation of the old man, an unmistakable mood of sadness or pain that was born of my eavesdropping of the yesterday, a little suggestion of the tragic that will persist in lingering even now when I think of him, wherever he may be.

But there may be really nothing genuinely tragic about the matter. Perhaps the fact that a learned man is not universally honored is only one of those non-dramatic commentaries on life that offer no surprises, no clash of forces, and no variation from the level of commonplace. Everything, after all, is commonplace, or may enjoy that possibility; it all depends on our degree of sophistication. But the fact that a thing is often done, or that we know people who have done it, is no good reason to regard an act as inglorious, or useless, or vain. The rising of the sun is the most ordinary thing among natural phenomena; still we ought not to forget that it is an event, a single omission of which would make countless nations mourn. The power to see is the least we ask of our eyes; we forget the favor until dim vision proves our human frailty. And so, clinging to the superannuated man as our text, we submit to you that he wrote a book, and was forgotten of men. He achieved the commonplace, and the commonplace is never spelled with a capital C. Will the world ever look upon the maker of a book with a full appreciation?

It is easy to object to the point implied in this platitudinous query. It is easy to contend that a writer of a book is assuredly given the meed of praise that is his due; and this is true, in a way. But only in a way. Those who are competent to appraise his toiling respect him and his book; those who enjoy his book respect it and sometimes him, too; even many of those who are neither competent to weigh and consider nor so constituted as to enjoy the book are generous enough to burn incense. But there are millions outside these groups, who live and move and have their being quite unthoughtful of the man who has made a book. This, of course, is a widely known fact, but viewed as a fact, it seems to many of us one that should have its radius considerably reduced; it describes too large a circle of perfectly neutral souls, spirits like unto those of the passive theater-goers of old Rome who would leave for home before responding to the *nunc plaudite*.

After all, what does it mean to write a book? Perhaps we can answer more effectively by considering two or three—the rather indeterminate number mentioned by the lady on ship-board. Cast an eye on the first three on your desk or book-shelf. In the writer's case they happen to be at the present time William De Morgan's "Joseph Vance," John Ayscough's "*Levia Pondera*," and Blanche Kelly's "The Valley of Vision."

Let us take the novel first. "Joseph Vance" as a work of art, as a literary product, has its position at present rather well defined. In any list of the best English

novels of the twentieth century it would easily find a place. It is a novel written in the prevailing fashion of biography, a tale of the years of a somewhat interesting individual from the cradle to the grave. The fact that it has been called an echo of Dickens, or, on the other hand, the probability that Dickens would not be ashamed of it as his own child, is not a point here; nor, indeed, whether Dickens or De Morgan represents the reader's or the writer's taste in novels. The book in question is a first-rate novel. The more or less astonishing thing about it is that it was written after the author had lived six decades of his life, and it was his first novel! When we consider that this book must be, to a large extent, at least, the composite of the activities of a man for sixty odd years, we realize more intimately that a book is not merely a clever juggling of the words of the dictionary, nor an ordinary exercise of a fluent pen. For over half a century the late novelist lived a busy life; he engaged in serious work in the interesting fields of stained glass and ceramics; he observed the ever-widening vistas of life about him; he read the chronicle of history in all its serene and tumultuous phases; he gave himself to thought on the nobilities and frailties of the human kind; and he then wrote a novel. "Joseph Vance" succeeded; even if it had failed to win the smile of the public, it would have been the same work, the effect of the same forces, the best one man had to give, a book.

Perhaps we may consider the book of essays next. John Ayscough, it is unnecessary to say, is a priest of the Catholic Church, the Rt. Reverend Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew. He has written many delightful things, among them "San Celestino" and "Gracechurch." For the writer's taste "*Levia Pondera*" has the most charm of appeal. In these forty-two essays there is a wealth of wisdom, sparkling not only with its own native cleverness, but with the added humor and wit that make a good writer a better one. Not for nothing has John Ayscough received an abundance of scholarly, civic, and ecclesiastical distinctions, for on them he has conferred distinction. Whether it is "Sir Walter," or "Loyalists and Patriots," or "On Book-buying," that you choose to read, you feel that the author has something to say and that he says it. Now, an essayist, it may be, has to be born one, and cannot be evolved out of the soul-stuff of cannon-fabricators, but being born is only the beginning of the essayist's life. And John Ayscough in his years of culture in his father's house, in the ancient halls of Oxford, in the quiet or bustling pathways of his priesthood life, has had his birth-right in the craft of letters confirmed and sealed. "An essay," he writes, "should not contain too much"; rarely is one of his papers not an essay. They have charm, grace, verve; they make a real book.

Lastly, let us examine for a moment the slender volume of song. It is as delightful a little book as the lover of delicate, exquisite verse could choose for a leisure hour. It is agreeably different from many of the books of poetry that come forth with the ostensible but seemingly often-

times feigned purpose of giving joy. There is a novel note in Miss Kelly's poetry, the note of Christianity, voicing its cadent message without the blemish of a something which is neither poetic nor Christian, but which is fashionable in modern song. In the difficult art of writing sacred verse the poet has won much success; "Security" and "*Dominus Tecum*" are truly sweet to the eye and the ear and the heart. In this collection of verse the author does not ask for popular praise by many offerings of lullaby and easy rhyming, but seeks to enchant your soul by the inherent beauty of the theme, by delicate weaving of imagery, by rare loveliness of language, and by a sympathetic blending of words and moods. Kinship she has with Keats, with Francis Thompson, with Yeats, with many of the fashioners of thoughts of beauty, as every poet has, but most of all with the tidings of her own soul. Perhaps Coleridge in saying that poetry is the best words in their best order meant what Poe had in mind in his more beautiful definition; at all events, the "Valley of Vision" largely satisfies the norms of two very capable judges, and the songs within its pages, in their gayety, in their wistful pleading, in their voicing of days past and days to come, in their vision of things beyond vision, have a melody and a beauty and a charm quite worthy of being enshrined between the covers of a book.

These three books represent as many distinct types of literature, and the three have been in varying degrees the result of thought and imagination, the fruitage of cultivated and considered and artistic application of mind and soul. One writer gives me a novel, another an essay-book, another a volume of poetry. Do I need argument to teach me to respect the individual who offers me his own heart or intellect on the pages of print?

Glance at your book-case again. Are there a hundred books there, or a thousand, or ten thousand? It matters not. Compute, if you can, the years that were lived in writing even a fraction of those quiet volumes that decorate your walls. It would give you a pretty entertainment and a marvelous opportunity to apply an analytic and synthetic philosophy to your toil. A small, crimson-colored history of the French Revolution sits jauntily between two silent fellows. Its author went through university, read all that other writers had to say on the subject, and then camped for years in patient siege of the archives of France, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Belgium, England, Italy, and the Vatican; and the result was 300 pages which the libraries of Europe yielded to his will. Three hundred pages, 100,000 words; on this basis, many an idling chatterer that you know composes a book a day, and perhaps less than one line of this unprinted book is devoted to the oracular utterance that the volume of history, or some other work written with equally painstaking care, is absolutely to be avoided by the most discriminate people, that it is nonsense.

But we know that the nonsense is something else. When a man, as Doctor Johnson has it, "will turn over

half a library to make one book," and will often in the process also turn over half a lifetime, he deserves a better treatment, whether his fate lies in the hands of a drawing-room critic or rests with the judgment of a reviewer paid by the line. Great books, like Rome, are not built in a day; the lives of Virgil, Dante, Milton, Goethe, and a host of others amply satisfy us on this point. But even the lesser books are not evolved by any magic incantations; the universities of America are laden with unread doctoral dissertations, each of which exacted the labor of two or three years.

It is probably needless to suggest that there are writers, and many of them, who have outlawed themselves from the civil consideration of that noble company who obey the rules which should direct all intellectual life. There are men and women who will distort historical facts to sustain a false thesis; there are men and women who will write a salacious novel for the drachmas of sin; there are men and women who under the guise of a specious sincerity will write a play to destroy the faith and happiness of mankind. For their work we can have nothing but contempt and condemnation; for themselves we can have naught but a hostile distrust. We may, with a proper consistence, respect their intellects for the good they might have done or may yet do, but mingled with that respect dwells an ardent pity for the talents that now draw their sustenance from souls so depraved.

But this is not a plea in the ethics of scholarship or in the morality of fiction; that is only by the way. It is simply a plea for respect for one who has transmuted a mind into the currency of words or a heart into the pages of a book. It is a plea for the writers of all the seen and unseen thousands of volumes that rest in your library and mine, and in the storehouses of literature in the cities of the world. Every book represents the aspiration and the effort of a human being, gifted to a greater or lesser degree, to further the world's gladness or progress. Perhaps the writing of a book is its reward; very often, at all events, it is its only reward. However that may be, by his toiling the author has allowed us to gaze into his dreams for the sweetlier dreaming of our own, and has given us of his wisdom for the enlargement of that we have.

In her delightful introduction to the "Familiar Letters of James Howell" Miss Replier prays: "If the unresponsive gods, so often invoked, so seldom complaisant, would grant me one sweet boon, I should ask of them that I might join that little band of authors, who, unknown to the wide careless world, remain from generation to generation the friends of a few fortunate readers." The essayist of the *Atlantic Monthly* has won an enduring place in the field of American letters, and without a doubt in the generations to come will indeed be the friend of all who have a choice taste in the things that are best. But it is not for talented and successful authors such as she that I would especially pray. For them, to be sure; but none the less for all who have ever written

a book. We are altogether too prone to judge a book as we judge a revolution: if it succeeds, it makes history for its author; if it fails, it is death. Let us be just; let us cultivate the medieval virtue of reverence for worthy deeds; let us be knightly in the modern sense of respect for achievement; let us look upon the writing of a book as a deed worthy of the responsive gods.

I wonder if the old professor is still alive. I wonder if he is happy, dreaming of good work done, of faithful service to the world, of days that have helped his country and its sons. He may be too modest for that; but if he is not, he may well be forgiven; perhaps a little vanity over a life well spent is really a laudable philosophy.

Human Nature and "Civilization"

MOORHOUSE I. X. MILLAR, S.J.

THE word "civilization" is one of several words that have had their currency value considerably altered since the beginning of the present European war by the many and various uses to which they have been put. How far this particular word still stands in the average man's mind for anything more definite than "the idea of civilization which floats before the mental vision of a Turk" is problematical. One thing is clear, however; those who attempt to offer any explanation of the word always appear to overlook certain of its connotations which are essential to a thorough grasp of its significance. Every civilization, as history shows, has been the result of man's effort to perfect his nature and to better his condition here on earth. Every civilization, furthermore, as history shows likewise, has in its development been shaped and determined both by the ideas men held with regard to the dignity of human nature and by the religion by which those ideas were fostered. This does not imply that there is not in man a certain desire for well-being and a consciousness of his own dignity common to all times and to every country; it means simply that that feeling and that consciousness have been either crushed, exaggerated or properly maintained according as the accepted ideas with regard to human nature were either true or false. Hence it may be said that the principal difference between the civilizations of ancient, medieval and modern times lies in the manner in which man, considered as man, has been differently esteemed.

Ever since the days of Cola di Rienzi, 1347, it has become almost a mental habit to speak and write in praise of the liberty of the ancients; a careful examination of the facts, however, will reveal that mankind of old did not even conceive the idea of true liberty. State omnipotence survived all changes in the form of every government. Individual liberty, which is the only true liberty, was enjoyed neither under monarchies, aristocracies nor democracies. To the Roman and the Greek liberty consisted in the possession of political rights, but with all the powers these brought with them a man was still the slave of the State. He was a "political animal" rather than a moral being. Away from his city or country he was outside the pale of law; for man, inasmuch as he was a man, had no rights. So long as early religious beliefs were retained they acted as a sanction to these ideas and as a check on the growth of any disintegrating spirit of individualism. But with the increase of knowledge came a gradual emancipation of man's instinctive sense of his own dignity. Having acquired some notion of God, Pythagoras despised the local worships and, rejecting the ancient way of governing mankind, attempted to found a new sort of society. Plato gained a fairly distinct notion of the immortality of the soul and entertained a hopeful

belief in a future life. Zeno went even further and taught that man as man had dignity of his own, that he had duties other than civic and that he could *please* the Deity of the universe. These views, however, never succeeded in having anything more than a disturbing influence on minds. They aroused higher ideals, but those who attempted to reach up to those ideals only succeeded in attaining to a sense of their own powerlessness. For, as Plato declared, no one could hold these doctrines with any assurance of their truth until they had been proclaimed and authoritatively established by a Divine revelation, while Seneca on the other hand asserted that "no one has strength enough to rise of himself, if no helping hand aid him."

How far the feeling of expectation here implied could carry the thinkers of those days and in what way a Divine revelation was awaited to clear up and sanction man's idea of his own dignity is brought out by Cicero in one of the most remarkable passages in all literature. For we read in his "De Republica":

There shall no longer be one law at Rome and another at Athens, nor shall it prescribe one thing today and another tomorrow, but one and the same law, eternal and immutable, shall be prescribed for all nations and all times, and the God who shall prescribe, introduce and promulgate this law shall be the one common Lord and Supreme Ruler of all, and whosoever will refuse obedience to Him shall be filled with confusion, as this very act will be a *virtual denial of his human nature*; and should he escape present punishment, he shall have to endure heavy chastisement hereafter.

If we would realize how fully this prophetic utterance was actually fulfilled, we must turn back from our own age to the Catholic Middle Ages; for then, as one Protestant authority has expressed it, "there was indeed war, bloodshed, rivalry among the nations, but there was unity of faith and universal recognition of the principles of morality." Archdeacon Cunningham likewise asserts that "medieval thought on all matters of human conduct was so formulated as never to leave the relation of man to the will of God out of sight." Institutions, political, social and economic, were permeated with religious habits and exerted authority under religious sanctions, because they were consciously referred to the will of God or to the authorities who were believed to represent Him on earth and by whom the Divine will was brought to bear among men.

As Christianity was gradually accepted with its new view of man's nature and his responsibility, an enormous influence was placed within the reach of those who had authority to speak in God's name, and who warned the disobedient of the danger of incurring Divine punishment here and hereafter. This religious power was steadily brought to bear in favor of protection to person and property, it was used to limit the frequency and mitigate the horrors of war, which was then the chief source of social disorder.

The fact of the matter was that the medieval Christian belonged to an association which gave him the rule of his faith and conduct; and that association he regarded as founded and directed by God himself; but his mind and his heart were raised to God alone and when following the voice of the Church, he believed that he was engaged with his own individual affair which was nothing less than the pursuit of his own eternal happiness.

How this affected the individual's sense of his own dignity is admirably brought out by Scott. Those who have read his *Waverley* will remember how Evan Dhu, a Catholic Highlander, untouched as yet by the blight of the Reformation, when questioned about his master proudly replies, "My master? My master is in heaven . . . you mean my chief." Long before our Declaration of Independence and the French Revolution, St. Thomas had laid it down that "all men are by nature equal" and in another place he goes so far as to declare that "there are things regarding which man is so completely his own master that he may do them contrary even to the commands of the Pope." With all this, however, a due respect for all

properly constituted authority was thoroughly inculcated. H. H. Henson, an historian and an Oxford scholar, put the matter very clearly by saying:

That Christianity elevated the royal power was the result, not of the Church's self-abasement, but of her lofty conception of duty. The great service she bestowed on the kingship was the sense of responsibility; she destroyed the Divine descent and substituted the Divine mission. The prestige of a sacred origin was supplanted by the prestige of a sacred function. In holding out a lofty ideal of the kingly duty, the Church wished to raise the kingly character. At the same time she preached no servile obedience.

Now, strange as it may sound to some, all these ideas have been gradually lost to our modern civilization. The feeling, indeed, of man's dignity was never stronger. Man, his reason, and imprescriptible rights, have been the perpetual theme of every demagogue since the French Revolution. But "this sort of people," as Burke well noted at the time of that event, "are so taken up with their theories about the rights of man, that they have totally forgotten his nature." Never have men's ideas been less clear and distinct with regard to their duties. Revolutions have upset everything in theory and in fact. Beginning with Machiavelli and Luther, we find what? Both proclaim the essential depravity of human nature. Both, likewise, each in his own way, inferred that ethics and faith are distinct from political and civic life and that the art of government is out of relation to morals and religion. The result in either case was a rebirth of the old pagan despotism with the Protestant variation of "passive obedience," "the Divine right of kings," and the principle *cuius regio huius religio*, all amounting to what Cicero would have called a virtual denial of man's human nature. Well could A. Comte describe the absorption of the rights of the Church, due to the Reformation, as "a relapse into barbarism."

As a reaction against this mean idea of human nature and the conditions which it engendered, came Rousseau with his declaration that human nature was essentially good; and, despite the fearful contradictory evidence furnished by the French Revolution, this idea is that of our own times. Protestantism had exaggerated the idea of a just God into a terrible avenging Deity, and in the revulsion from this belief all idea of Divine justice was lost. With it disappeared also the sense of personal responsibility. As Mr. P. E. More well says:

The very notion of a radical and fundamental difference between good and evil was lost. The evil that is apparent in character comes to be regarded merely as the result of the restraining and thwarting institutions of society as these exist: why, no one can explain. Envy and jealousy and greed and the sheer lust of power . . . are not inherent in the human heart, but are artificially introduced by property and a false civilization. Change these institutions or release the individual entirely from restrictions and his nature will recoil spontaneously to its natural state of virtue. He need only follow the impulse of his instinctive emotions to be sound and good. And as man feels of himself, so he feels of others; there is no real distinction between the good and the evil, but all are naturally good and the superficial variations we see are caused by the greater or less freedom of development. Hence we should condemn no man even as we do not condemn ourselves. There is no place for sharp judgment and the laws which impose penalties and restrictions and set up false discriminations between the innocent and the criminal are subject to suspicion and should be made as flexible as possible. In place of judgment we are to regard all mankind with sympathy; a sort of emotional solidarity becomes the one great virtue, in which are included, or rather sunk, all the law and the prophets.

In short, man has failed to regain that true idea of his own dignity which was lost during the Renaissance and the Reformation, and humanity like Narcissus has forgotten the proper object of its love and reverence and has become enamored of itself. If there is any truth in the passage just quoted modern civilization would appear to be showing marked signs of pining away.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Gentle Art of Reading Essays

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In regard to Mr. Joseph Francis Wickham's list of readable essays in AMERICA for March 17, will you kindly ask him to set forth in your "Communications" column where each essay may be found? I have been unable to locate many of them in the free libraries.

Philadelphia.

G. RUSSELL DILKES, JR.

The Duke of Norfolk

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I do not pretend to be qualified to write an entirely satisfactory notice of the Duke of Norfolk, but unlike Father Cherry, who has "neither praise nor blame" for him, I have said bitter and unkind things of the Duke consistently for ten years. I cannot unsay them, for on a certain very vital question, the Irish question, I still believe he took a foolish and fanatical position. But I was glad to take the unexpected opportunity of saying good of a dead man. If it leaves me in a foolish position I rejoice over it.

Perhaps my article was hasty and better fitted for an evanescent evening paper rather than for a serious weekly. At any rate, one mistake I should like to point out. The Duke's father was not one of those who dissuaded him from entering religion, as he was dead at the time. The word was a misprint. I have always heard on very good authority that the Pope did not wish the Duke to become a priest. I think it falls within the competence of any priest to advise another person that he is not fitted for the religious state. I never used the word "interdict."

In the last part of his letter Father Cherry makes a mistake which is quite common. He writes: "Nor do I believe the Duke would care for a eulogy from a weekly whose editor bears the distinctively Celtic name of Tierney." Now that is just what he would have liked most in the world. Father Cherry forgets that for years the pastor at Arundel and the beloved confidant of the Howards was the late Canon Tierney. Tierney, like Howard, is a name which belongs to the whole Catholic Church.

New York.

SHANE LESLIE.

The Excellent Gift of Charity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If I have been guilty of uncharitableness I deserve rebuke, priest or no priest. I signed my name to my last letter because the matter at issue is too grave to be discussed anonymously. To call a mode of arguing a "rhetorical trick" is not necessarily an insinuation of insincerity. The matter may be viewed objectively; and in discussions is usually so viewed. As for the tendencies of my thesis, one must have a penetrating sight to find in the statement, that the worship of the Saints is an integral part of the Catholic Faith, and that God is wonderful in His Saints, is the Catholic belief, an acknowledgment of the need of propping belief in the supernatural with ridiculous legends; and a long sight to perceive irrational credulity as its term. My quarrel is with Mr. Gerould's fundamental principle and its consequences. Among these is that SS. Cosmas and Damian, commemorated daily in the Mass celebrated twice in the course of the year, are Castor and Pollux disguised as Christians. Mr. Van Winkle answers that many stories about them are fables. Evidently between these two positions there is a large undivided middle. It is as if I were defending the existence and works of Alfred the Great against a theory that he was but a solar myth, and one should answer: "But surely you know that many historians reject the story of the cakes." Here Mr. Van Winkle commits a grave logical blunder. I do

not therefore accuse him of insincerity. Lack of logic is a sufficient explanation. But he continues: "Mr. Gerould's theory, then, of the *casual* relations between hero-worship and saint-worship is not so unreasonable after all." Neither Mr. Gerould in his book, nor I in summarizing this theory, wrote *casual*, but *causal*. The error might be the printer's: it is one they frequently fall into. But if Mr. Van Winkle wrote *casual* he has not understood all that a causal relation involves, as his light-hearted "after all" indicates. Had he understood, he would have seen that there was no place for his jaunty conclusion. A *casual* relation may be admitted. In it is just that "streak of truth" we granted. Not so *causality*. Hence one is led to believe that Mr. Van Winkle has really been reading *casual* for *causal*; and therefore has never understood the book he defends. The opinion that he is not an exact reader is confirmed by this, that he finds in my short letter the attribution to Mr. Gerould of "the confusion of Our Blessed Lady with the Venus-cult." Nothing of the sort is to be found there. It is "the holy penitents of Egypt" that Mr. Gerould "mixes up somehow with the worship of the Asian Venus." Another example. Mr. Van Winkle thinks that I forgot "that Mr. Gerould on page 20 writes: 'No unbiased mind can any longer doubt the reality of the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi.'" I can assure Mr. Van Winkle that I read the book in question twice before beginning to review it, and when I wrote in my letter that one of the consequences of Mr. Gerould's principle is, that the supernatural character of the stigmata has to go by the board, I knew well what I was saying. If Mr. Van Winkle will read the text, of which his quotation is a note, he will see that nothing is admitted but the physical fact. I speak of the *supernatural character*, which is apparently left an open question, but really denied.

Finally, Mr. Van Winkle's paragraph concerning the prohibition in Italian seminaries of "*Les Légendes Hagiographiques*" is a grave insult—again I am speaking objectively: Mr. Van Winkle's evident habit of thoughtlessness will excuse much—to a Roman Congregation so important that its Prefect is the Holy Father himself. I gave the reason of the prohibition in the Congregation's own words. Mr. Van Winkle ignores it and brings in another most disrespectful in its nature. Why he introduces his hearsay about the "*Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise*" he knows better than I. Suffice it to say that the reasons assigned for its prohibition, far from the unworthy one he gives, were more weighty and condemnatory than those given for the prohibition of the former work.

Los Gatos, Cal.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

Did St. Augustine Say It?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

St. Augustine does not "teach that the earth is flat." When Dr. O'Malley has leisure to examine carefully the passage cited from "The City of God," he will, I am sure, conclude that the Saint does not hold the opinion. St. Augustine deals with the question in a purely incidental way, and does not at all pronounce definitely upon it. It is one thing to maintain that there are no people living "on the other side of the earth, where the sun rises, when it sets for us," which St. Augustine does, and quite another thing to maintain that the earth is flat. The Saint's main preoccupation is to establish the unity of the human race as involved in the common descent from Adam. He deals with the opinion of those who maintained that there were human beings at the antipodes, and rejects it. This they maintain, he says, not because they have any positive knowledge of it, but because they infer or conjecture it from the circular form of the earth and the heavens.

They think that because of this, the other part of the earth which is below cannot be without inhabitants. But they do not reflect that, though the world be believed to be round, in the form of a globe, and though there be some reason

for believing it to be so, it does not follow that the earth on that side is not covered with water. And even if it be dry, it does not necessarily follow that there are people living there.

The Saint's reasoning is briefly this: Granted that the earth is round, and that there is dry land on the other side of it, you cannot thence infer that there are people living there. He does not teach that the earth is flat, either explicitly or by necessary implication. This is further shown from his use of the present subjunctive, *etiamsi credatur, aliqua ratione monstretur*, thereby implying that the question is an open one. It is the *imperfect* subjunctive that would be used to signify what is viewed as impossible or opposed to fact. Whoever, in Dr. O'Malley's picturesque phrase, took the tradition in question to the edge of the hill and just pushed it, it was not St. Augustine.

St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. ✱ ALEX. MACDONALD.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for March 17, Mr. Benedict Elder attempts to defend "T. C. M." of the number for February 24, wherein T. C. M. made remarks about Dr. Draper's statement that St. Augustine said there are no antipodes. Mr. Elder writes (1) St. Augustine's words may be "tortured into a warrant for the Draper statement"; (2) Mr. Elder, who evolved from a vacuum the assertion that St. Thomas knew all about the works of St. Gregory of Nyssa even if he didn't, is now grieved that I have "cast reflection" on (blamed) St. Augustine for not knowing modern astronomy—this also comes from the vacuum—; (3) he says that T. C. M., now discreetly silent, had asked "in a rather embarrassing way" that the book, chapter, and verse of St. Augustine's writings be cited in support of the assertions that there are no antipodes and that the earth is flat.

Dr. Draper, who died in 1882, had among his books a "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," but whether I read it or not is irrelevant. The point is that T. C. M., says Draper in that book forged the statement that St. Augustine asserts it is impossible there should be inhabitants on the opposite side of the earth. As I said in my comment on T. C. M., March 10, St. Augustine himself says ("De Civitate Dei," xvi, 9): "As to the fable that there are antipodes, that is to say, men on the opposite side of the earth, where the sun sets when it rises on us, men who walk with their feet opposite ours, there is no reason for believing it." And he goes on to prove this statement of his. See the caption, *Antipodes*, in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" for this argument. Mr. Elder assures us these words may be "tortured" to fit Draper's statement. Why be cruel about it? They fit each other like a heel and a blister.

In St. Augustine's "Commentary on the Psalms," speaking of verse nineteen in Psalm 76, he makes the earth as flat as a cart-wheel. The passage in the Vulgate is "*Vox tonitru tui in rota.*" The Douay version translates these words, "The voice of thy thunder in the wheel." The King James translators could not make out the sense of this passage, so they did a little private interpretation and called the wheel "the heaven." St. Augustine explaining this verse says: "*Orbis terrarum est rota; nam circuitus orbis terrarum merito et orbis dicitur, unde brevis etiam rotella orbiculus appellatur.*"

The word *orbis* is a wheel in Latin and nothing else. The meanings, orb, sphere, globe, came into existence as applied to the earth centuries after St. Augustine's time. The word in the Hebrew text of the Psalm is *galgal*, a chariot-wheel, a well-wheel—see Isaias, v. 28; Ecc. xii. 76. An American use of the word *galgal* as applied to the foolish is "wheels in the head." St. Jerome explains the passage in Psalm 76, "*Quando tonitruat Deus similem vocem facit rotarum.*" The old Roman notion of the earth was that it is a flat circular plane with the ocean for its rim. By Pliny's time (Lib. ii, cap. 75) the question of antipodes was a subject of debate. Lactantius (iii, 14)

ridicules the notion of antipodes. St. Augustine held the opinion of Lactantius, and the Saint was so great an authority he fixed the tradition for Catholic writers until St. Ferghil and Albertus Magnus proved the sphericity of the earth.

Philadelphia.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Catholic Boy Scouts

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I ask the privilege of setting before your readers some of the moral or religious principles of the Boy Scout Movement as they are given to us in the "Official Handbook" (eleventh edition, revised). This handbook Catholic boy scouts are directed to obtain from the Bureau for Catholic Extension, and it is recommended for our boys in the *Roman Catholic Bulletin*, May, 1914, as "written by experts and compiled with great care," and is called "The Scout's Text-book." "All the material that goes to make up the eleventh edition," we are told in the "Handbook," has been "carefully re-examined and approved," and the volume is supposed to give our boys "inspiring information."

Naturally, Catholic parents or other Catholics in charge of the young will try to satisfy themselves first of all as to the ideas and ideals of the Boy Scout Directors in all that pertains to faith and morals. This is not a difficult thing to do, but what a Catholic learns on this point is not likely, in my opinion, to beget confidence in the Boy Scout Movement as a developer of character. On page 12, for instance, we are assured that "scouting presents greater opportunities for the development of the boy religiously than does any other movement instituted solely for the boys." Perhaps the word "solely" is relied upon to save this broad assertion from a slight upon the Church. However, as we shall see, the Church at its best is only an auxiliary to "scouting," the chief agency in making a boy all that he ought to be. We look in vain for a chapter on religion. This all-important subject is dealt with in two little subdivisions of the chapter on "Chivalry," a significant circumstance, to say the least. When we have found the paragraph on "Duty to God," we notice that our boys are given what Catholics must consider a very low motive to keep them true to God: "No scout can ever hope to amount to much until he has learned a reverence for religion." Below we read this: "There are many kinds of religion in the world. One important point, however, about them is that they all involve the worship of the same God. There is but one Leader, although many ways of following Him." But Catholic controversialists earnestly warn us against this more pernicious error.

Then follows in the "Handbook" (page 276) a few lines on the "Boy Scout's Religion." In this paragraph, so interesting to Catholic directors of youth, we are given assurance that the religious instruction and development of Boy Scouts is intrusted to the church to which they respectively belong. To quote: "The Boy Scouts of America, then, insists upon the boy's religious life being stimulated and fostered by the institution with which he is connected." The value of this pleasing statement of policy is greatly lessened by the reservation that immediately follows it. "Of course it is a fundamental principle of the Boy Scouts of America to insist on clean, capable leadership in its Scout Masters, and the influence of the leader on the Boy Scout should be of a distinctly helpful character." Let us not forget that this paragraph deals specifically with religion and religious instruction. One needs but little experience in dealing with non-Catholic welfare-workers to foresee how, in many cases, this influence will work out. A way is left open for the most effective proselyting. We are told the Movement sees that its members follow strictly the faith of their own religious obedience. I know that there have been some cases in which no provision of this kind was made.

We have also in the "Official Handbook" a paragraph on page 260, which ought to be attentively considered by those who are trying to estimate aright the guiding principles of the Boy

Scouts of America. It is a bit of instruction in what, I believe, might be called sex-hygiene. Although it contains much that is dangerous and offensive to Catholic instincts, the worthy editors are afraid it will not suffice, so the Catholic Boy Scout, like his fellows of other beliefs, is bidden to procure and study a certain book on the same subject. If the book is of a kind with the paragraph in question, the use of the volume would undoubtedly prove harmful to any boy. Lastly "to become strong" seems the best motive that the Movement has to offer the Catholic Scout to make him shun evil and do good in this matter. The temptation is admitted to be "very powerful"—it is surely not weakened by this kind of reading—and is the motive to resist it the fear or the love of God? No: "to yield means to sacrifice strength and power and manliness." What are we to think of all this?

Springfield, Mass.

R. E. P.

A Letter and an Answer

THE HON. GEORGE SLATER,

Senate Chambers, Albany, N. Y.

Honorable and Dear Sir:

The enclosure is a copy of an article that appeared in the *New York Times* for March 8. I wish to call your attention to the following statements contained therein: "Senator Slater told the Taxation Committee of the Legislature . . . that it was to protect Westchester County from an invasion of the Catholic charitable institutions of New York City that he introduced his bill . . . he said that the Catholics were just beginning to come to Westchester and he wished them to be halted." May I ask, with the object of publishing my letter and your answer, whether you made such statements? I shall be grateful to you for an early reply.

Very respectfully,

R. H. TIERNEY,

Editor.

[In answer to this communication Senator Slater has sent a copy of a long and transparently truthful letter explaining his position. What matters above all else is that he denies he ever uttered the words attributed to him by the *New York press*. His bill, which did not concern charitable institutions already established in Westchester County, but those only which would be established in future, would affect the institutions of all denominations. As a consequence it was not dictated by religious bias, and was in no way connected with the New York charities investigation. Its sole purpose was to meet a desire of his constituents to control future exemptions from taxation. As AMERICA quoted the words put into the Senator's mouth by the *New York papers* and founded an editorial thereon, it is glad to give expression to the Senator's correct views, without, however, approving of the bill.—ED. AMERICA.]

Good Catholic Monthlies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the March 17 issue, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock remarks that some one had written to AMERICA some time ago, saying that there was no good Catholic monthly magazine in the United States. Mr. Woodlock suggested the *Catholic World*. Might I respectfully also inquire "What's the matter with *Extension Magazine*?" This is an excellent Catholic monthly magazine, with most beautiful covers, every one fit for a frame, fiction, poetry, various departments of interest to the household, cookery, patterns, interesting interviews and essays on subjects religious, political and social; special articles; a humorous column, and last, but not least, editorials that are an education in themselves. I would suggest to the unknown reader of AMERICA who deprecates the lack of Catholic monthlies, to send two dollars for a year's subscription to *Extension Magazine*, Chicago, Ill., and he will be agreeably surprised and enlightened.

Lansdowne, Pa.

E. DE LA C.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1917

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"The Women Are Right"

SOME time ago the Macon Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy invited the Rt. Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, D.D., Bishop of Savannah, who is a veteran of the Civil War, to give the Memorial Day address before the Confederate organizations on April 26. When the Bishop graciously accepted the invitation, however, sixty Confederate veterans of Macon sent a protest to the President of the Macon Daughters of the Confederacy and threatened to take no part in the exercises unless the invitation given the Catholic Bishop was revoked. But such an act of bigotry and discourtesy the ladies promptly refused to commit, and this stand, it is gratifying to see, has been endorsed by other chapters of the U. D. C. and supported by the representative papers of Georgia. The Savannah Chapter, for instance, moved that "It is intolerable to this Chapter that a man or woman should be discriminated against or affronted on account of his or her religion," and the Atlanta *Constitution* protested: "The Women Are Right!" "An outbreak of this kind . . . is utterly and absolutely contrary to the spirit of our present-day institutions." The *Constitution* then recommended to the consideration of its readers an admirable letter sent to the paper by a Protestant correspondent who recalls the names of the prominent Catholics who served the South in war. He writes:

The attitude of the Macon veterans towards a brave comrade-in-arms is to be regretted. Such a protest would not have been countenanced by Stonewall Jackson, in whose division there was many a brave Irish Catholic. It would have kindled no responsive echo in the magnanimous soul of General Lee. . . . Neither of them ever applied the religious test to a Confederate soldier, because neither of them was a bigot.

. . . To know what Father Ryan thought of his illustrious chief, one needs only to read his poem entitled "The Sword of Lee." Two famous Confederate war-songs, "Ashes of Glory," by Augustus J. Requier, and "Somebody's Darling," by Marie La Coste, were both written by Catholics. Was not Theodore O'Hara, who wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead," a member of the Church of Rome? . . . It only remains for me to ask these questions: Would the Macon veterans refuse to hear an address from Raphael Semmes? Would they proscribe Father Ryan? Would they protest against an invitation to Patrick Cleburne? Would they decline to listen to Chief Justice White? If not, then they certainly have no right to refuse an audience to Bishop Keiley.

From the foregoing citations it is gratifyingly clear that such men as the protesting Confederate veterans, Tom Watson and Governor Catts, noisy as they are, do not represent the attitude toward Catholics that the true ladies and gentlemen of our Southland maintain.

Parents of Catholic Daughters

ONCE again New York is agog over a peculiarly repulsive murder: the victim was a woman, the murderer was an incarnate fiend. But there is no lesson in that. There is, however, in this, that American cities are filled with scoundrels, called by false courtesy men, to whom a woman is but as prey to the snake or the lion, as the case may be. And, strange to say, parents of many Catholic girls are the chief aids to the designs of these lechers whose rightful place is a grave well supplied with quick-lime. Mere slips of girls, clad around the waist but nowhere else, are permitted to dine and dance with whom they please, while their parents rejoice over their daughters' "social success." But the sigh and the tear follow the smile of gratification. The false step only too often follows the dance step, and the girl's parents are much to blame. Her sin is also on the soul of her vain mother and her foolish father.

The Malden Educational Plan

"WHENCE comes this wonder?" was the question asked at the closing session of the Protestant Religious Education Association when a chorus of 800 school children sang among other numbers the classical music of Gounod's "Messe Solennelle." The answer was: "From the Malden School of Religious Education." The Boston *Evening Transcript* sees in this educational plan, combining public with week-day church school, the solution of a most pressing problem. Protestantism is awakening to the significance of the startling fact that criminality has increased 400 per cent in the United States during the past fifty years, and that the large majority of the criminals are mere boys and girls under twenty years of age. Even the *Transcript* is at last constrained to admit the truth, preached in season and out of season from the Catholic pulpit during all these fifty years and more, that there exists "the absolute necessity for better training of the children and

youth of the country in morality and religion, if our democratic institutions are to be preserved and our nation saved from anarchy and decay."

But while it is acknowledged that the public schools have failed to inculcate a proper sense of morality; and that the Sunday-schools, which were intended to supplement them, have proved "confessedly inadequate," the *Transcript* cannot rid itself entirely of its strain of Puritanical intolerance. For it hastens to add, that while even the Gary plan, the North Dakota plan, the Colorado plan, and various modifications of these, have all "been found only partially satisfactory," yet the parochial school, after the Catholic method, "does not satisfy patriotic public sentiment." So much the worse for public sentiment! If the writer is right, that sentiment is not patriotic.

Religion belongs to the entire man, and our whole education must be penetrated with its spirit and truth if the ideal citizen is to be formed. No training school of patriotism can compare with the classroom of the parochial school, where love of country is based upon the solid foundation of love of God. Any public sentiment which ignores this vital truth falls short, in just so far, of the highest conception of loyalty. Protestantism is now admitting half the truth. The time may not be far off when those of its adherents who still believe in the fundamental tenet of Christianity, the Divinity of Christ, will be forced to confess the entire truth that God must be the Alpha and the Omega of all true education.

As for the Malden plan itself, it is little else than the plan which Catholics have successfully put into practice in the Catholic Instruction League, whose week-day Catechism centers, in addition to its Sunday-schools, aim to supplement the work of the public schools in the case of those 1,500,000 Catholic children who unfortunately are deprived of a Catholic education. It is a plan which has met with the highest and most enthusiastic praise, and the active support of the Catholic Hierarchy. May the time soon come when every diocese will be dotted with these Catechism centers! But while Catholics devote themselves heart and soul to this great task they do not for a moment lose sight of the main principle, that true education must be religious in its entirety. Better that all our children were in Catholic schools, but since this cannot be, the Catechism centers will save many of them.

Professional Catholics

IF the editor's mail-bag is an index of people's thoughts and emotions, many simple souls are angered and shocked at the conduct of persons who, though profiting by the Church financially and socially, if not spiritually, yet never fail to take to cover when Catholic interests are at stake. No doubt the wrath is righteous; the money-changers in the temple angered even Our Lord, the holiest and meekest of men. But after all why should devout souls be upset by so despicable a creature as a

professional Catholic, a man whose faith is but an instrument of material aggrandizement? Noble passion should not be wasted on an ignoble object. It is well to remember too that despite high-mindedness in others, the professional Catholic will still go his way, gliding softly past unrecognized simple priests to kiss prelatial rings, and then stealing away with gleaming eye in search of another pound of flesh and some blood to boot. But soon the end will come: and then both the practising and the professional Catholic will get their reward. In that day the former will triumph.

Books for Breakfast

IN an entertaining paper contributed to the current *Yale Review*, Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick draws up a list of books to be read at table by those who breakfast alone. The case of an entire family seated at the matutinal board, each member silently absorbed in a favorite book or paper, is one which he apparently does not care to consider. He prescribes reading for none but solitary breakfasters. Though poetry is recommended, the essay is reckoned the more appetizing breakfast-food, and the claims of authors like Lamb, Stevenson and Barrie are eloquently urged. The prudence of admitting Miss Repplier to the group is also gravely discussed, but in the end she is excluded, chiefly because solitary breakfast, being "something of a monastic affair, . . . it is safer not to take any feminine author to table."

One phase, however, of the breakfast-reading problem, and a very important one too, in these days of economic stress and strain, the essayist does not consider. For the delicate question rises: What books should be served at the breakfast-table by a thrifty housewife who is eager to reduce her monthly bills? For if the literary predilections of each member of the family are first carefully studied and then adroitly flattered, considerable money can no doubt be saved. If the family bread-winner who, as a rule, is the most valiant trencherman of the household, becomes so charmed, for instance, by the whimsical cleverness of Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig," that he forgets to ask for a second helping of chops, the domestic exchequer will of course be the gainer. If fair Phyllis grows so absorbed in the new volume of *vers libre*, craftily handed her with the coffee, that she becomes totally oblivious to the existence of eggs, another important reduction in the cost of living can be recorded. And if her voracious brother Willie can be made so interested in a thrilling tale of the plains that he will not think of clamoring for various high-priced breakfast-foods, the rising market in commodities will no longer fill his parents with dismay.

Provided, therefore, that the minds of those at breakfast are generously supplied with appetizing literature, their bodily food, it would appear, can be substantially diminished with but little danger that the reader will

be the wiser. A family's household expenses can thus be reduced to a minimum. And if the greatest care be taken in selecting the book that is to served, along with the grape-fruit, to each member of the family, then thinking will become so extremely high and living so very plain that the ordinary breakfast in many a family will eventually consist of little more than a choice selection of authors. What a great saving in time, labor and expense that will be.

Two Facts and a Contrast

NOT long since some reputable priests of New York were accused of crime by the chief executive of the city. After a deal of clamor the clergymen were cited to appear before a judge for inquiry into their conduct. They went willingly, glad of the opportunity to submit their actions to public scrutiny.

Recently the chief executive of the city was under criticism for his strange and persistent advocacy of a scheme by which a powerful and none too scrupulous corporation would profit to the detriment of the municipality. After the usual outcries, his Honor was cited to appear before a judge for inquiry into his attitude towards the aforesaid obnoxious plan. The judge still awaits his appearance. A restraining injunction was obtained to prevent it. The facts are clear, the contrast just as clear. The priests welcomed an unjustified investigation into their actions, the chief executive blocked inquiry into his. Time vindicates men, as well as truth.

Hosanna!

WHEN left to itself and not misled by designing demagogues, the heart of the people is sound and generous. The old adage is fundamentally true: *Vox populi, vox Dei*, the voice of the people is the voice of God, for, except when its ideals are warped by the malice of treacherous leaders, it speaks out in admiration of what is good and true and condemns the ignoble and the false. In the familiar story of Palm Sunday that truth comes home to us. The palms borne in the hands of a whole people, the garments strewn on the ground, the hosannas of triumph and of welcome echoed with one accordant voice by young and old to do homage to the King riding into the City of His fathers, not in majesty with the pomp of armed cohorts, but meek and lowly, were the genuine expression of the popular heart. For once all the people recognized and hailed in the person of Christ the Messiah and the King. Truly their voice was the voice of God that day, when they thundered forth their hosannas to the Son of David. If a few days later, the same lips which had sung that festal hymn, forswore all allegiance to their King and asked that His blood be upon them and their children, it was because their chiefs and their guides had poisoned their minds and corrupted their hearts. And it is no doubt for that misguided people especially that the dying

Saviour prayed upon the Cross when He exclaimed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Christ is the world's true King. He is King by every possible right and title, by right of nature, merit and excellence, by the right conferred upon Him by His Father, by right of election and conquest. In His Divine and human nature He unites all the titles to that high supremacy. Other kings rule over the bodies of their subjects, Christ rules over the mind and the heart. The kingdoms over which earthly rulers extend their sway are unsubstantial and shadowy, they last for a few years, they rise to glory and sink to the dust in the smoke of battle or reel to ruin under the blows of their own subjects. Of the kingdom of Christ there shall be no end. His alone is the one, immortal name that survives the wreck of ages and defies the flight of time.

On Palm Sunday, a great lesson comes home to us. The people welcomed the King, the innocent voices of babes and sucklings, guided by the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, echoed in the Temple to sing His praise. The Pharisees and the hypocritical doctors of the law murmured in secret against Him and stirred up the people to encompass His death. And that is the story of the world today. Some wave the palm-branches of triumph and welcome in His honor, strip themselves of the garments of sin, of pride, of self-esteem and cast them before His sacred feet, and open wide the gates of their heart to His coming. Others darkly plot against Him and instil into others the hatred of His name. They even imitate the hypocrisy of those who rebuked the children who sang His praises in the Temple, and steal from Him as far as in their power lies, the hearts and the souls of little ones whom He loves. But their efforts are doomed to failure. They may succeed here and there. The King may be driven out from the hearts and the lives of many thousands of those whom He most tenderly loves and for whom He laid down His life. But countless other hearts are ever welcoming Him, other hands are waving the palm-branches on His triumphal way and singing the unending hosanna of their adoration and their love.

Enviably truly is the lot of those who accept the Kingship of Christ and are willing to be guarded by His law. On the other hand those who refuse to submit to the sway of His royal sceptre, must, whether they wish it or not, bear the yoke of the most exacting tyrants. His reign over the heart frees, exalts and purifies it. Where he exerts no influence on the lives of men, those lives become commonplace and sordid. A thousand blessings follow welcome to the King: a thousand sorrows follow rejection of Him. The world would be an abode of peace and happiness, if all men would reenact in their souls the welcome given to Christ so many years ago and never in malice or feebleness repent of that generous, heaven-sent impulse.

Literature

THE MEETING OF THE WAYS

"WHAT antique roofs are those rising above yon solemn wood, which the setting sun gilds with its rays?" These old-fashioned, yet picture-framing words are not from some romance of knight and lady and enchanted bower. They are the opening words of Kenelm Henry Digby's "*Compitum*." If the reader has not made acquaintance with that fascinating book he must forthwith, if it be possible, add it to his bookshelf. If there be a *compitum* near by, the meeting namely of meandering and secluded paths in the heart of some primeval forest, not far from the sound of the Mass-bell, thither let him repair and bring his newly-acquired treasure. And when the last onset of the squadrons of winter is checked, and the vanguard of spring has set its green tents on the conquered field, and the air is tingling with the joyous trumpeting of victory, let him open one of its seven little volumes and read and wonder. He will have many books in one.

Kenelm Henry Digby should not be forgotten by Catholics of the present generation. He has done a work and written books which make us his debtors. If in the full tide of the Oxford movement, Newman, Ward and their followers pressed home to their countrymen the intellectual claims of the Catholic Church, Kenelm Henry Digby, a convert like them, painted for them the beauties and the splendors of its institutions.

In the amplitude and the variety of their content, the works of Digby are encyclopedic. He wrote too much to write always well, and as a consequence, his "Children's Bower," his "Ouranogaia" and "Hours with the Falling Leaves," etc., are little remembered. But his "*Mores Catholici*," "The Broadstone of Honor" and the "*Compitum*," or "The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church" deserve a revival in the hearts and the affections of Catholics. The "*Compitum*" may not be as well known as the "*Mores Catholici*," that study of the Ages of Faith where "the author collected like a truly pious pilgrim the fragrance of ancient times." In its plan and structure the "*Mores*" reminds us of one of those Gothic churches of the Middle Ages, not delicately sculptured and richly adorned, but massive, sturdy, imposing, the work of a robust faith and a virile race. The "*Compitum*" has not the romantic interest of "The Broadstone of Honor" where even the names of the separate parts of the work, Godefridus, Tancredus, Morus, Orlandus, enchant us back to the golden days of chivalry. But if after laying hold of the central thought of the writer, we take up even at random any of the slow-winding paths through which Digby leads us, if we are not too anxious for him to hurry us to our goal and let him, like a garrulous yet interesting guide, tell us many a quaint tale by the way, speak words of wisdom and advice, and treat us to quotation, aphorism and adage culled from ancient and modern lore, we shall find that we are in the company of a high-minded and cultured spirit, full, as Sterling said, of loving gentleness and earnest admiration for all things beautiful and excellent.

The central thought of the "*Compitum*" is a simple yet an ingenious one. The traveler who asked the question which opened this paper is riding with a companion through an ancient forest, a labyrinth of boughs, crossed with winding paths, all centering in an old hall, the ancestral mansion and abode of a Catholic gentleman, whose family had remained true to the old Faith since the days of Elizabeth, whose talk was ever of ancient times and ancient men, whose memory was a repository of treasured observations and wide erudition, and who had garnered into his heart all the golden harvests of emotion and thought of the mighty men of long ago, and who

tested all thoughts by one unerring standard, their fidelity to Catholic tradition and teaching. And some time after, the wayfarer, none other than Digby himself, is dwelling near an ancient forest not far from the great city by the Seine. Those forest aisles, like their columned rivals in England, overshadow meandering paths, all leading to one bright spot in the midst of the central gloom, "where stood a convent girt by a smooth, sunny lawn, towards which innumerable paths conducted from all sides the least practised wanderer." And "a palmer-guest," guided by the inspiration of the scene, suggests to him the plan of drawing a map of the intellectual forest through whose tangled mazes men wander from youth to age, "noting each turn that predecessors, as if with human feet, have worn, and showing how wonderfully nature has provided avenues and attractive openings to guide all pilgrims safely to their end."

Such is the thought of the "*Compitum*." In the execution, the author has tried to reproduce the characteristics of the English hermit-student whose picture he drew in his first words. The book is like the conversation of that saintly and learned anchorite. It is like a muniment-room such as was found in old castles and oriel-windowed libraries in the past, filled with the arms of crusading sires, Moorish scimitars and Damascus blades, Flemish tapestries alive with birds and flowers and strange beasts and fair ladies and fierce fighting-men, old Missals and charters and books of hours and antiphonaries, heavy tomes of heraldry, wonderfully illuminated Bibles and Psalters, rolls and parchments, pictures rudely done, but living and breathing as if from the oak-paneled walls, the dead were talking to the curious searcher.

True to his plan, Digby leads his reader from the "Road of the Children," to that last road from which there is no turning, that of "the Tombs." Safely and with quaint tales, to beguile the tediousness of the journey with an inexhaustible fund of aphorisms, and citations drawn from many languages and lands, he leads us through the roads of the family and the home, of artists and magistrates, of warriors, priests and kings, of sinners and saints, of wisdom and joy, of retreat and old age. Is there an author ancient or modern whom he does not know? Is there a parchment or a manuscript from the monasteries of France, England, Germany, Spain, which he has not conned over and over again, and from whose long-buried treasures he has not brought out good things, old and new? A *compitum*, truly, a meeting-place of all noble thoughts. The book may be called in the words which Digby quotes from Suetonius "*sylva sermonis antiqui*," a tangled forest of olden speech. There speak with timely warning, with lofty or homely diction, Horace, Cicero, the mighty voices of Homer and the Greek dramatists, the tender accents of Virgil, the idyllic strains of Theocritus. The old and the new meet at every angle of this glittering mosaic. Calderon and Lope de Vega strengthen by their poetic thought the theology of Augustine and the Angelic Doctor. Sir John Mandeville, Goldsmith and La Bruyère address us from the same page; Savonarola and the Venerable Marina de Escobar warn us from another. In "The Road of the Workmen," the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, Pliny, St. Paul, Drexelius, Lope de Vega, the author of Genesis, Giraud of Cambray remind us that labor is the law of fallen humanity. In "The Road of Priests," Sidonius Apollinaris, Yvo de Chartres, St. Thomas of Villanova, Hincmar of Reims, Bede, Adam of St. Victor tell us what the shepherd of the flock should be.

The mass of information, sacred and profane at the command of the author is simply amazing. It comes easily and naturally to him to enforce his point and illustrate his theme. Of him we can say what Sidonius Apollinaris, one of Digby's

favorites said of a friend: "*Illi bibliotheca fidei Catholicae perfamiliaris est*," with the treasures and library of Catholic Faith and teaching, he is perfectly at home. The book of course will not please the million, as Digby himself suspects, it must remain caviar to the general. But it is an armory, piled from floor to ceiling with weapons of quaint device to arm the soldier of the Faith for the road and battlefield, over which he may be summoned to march and to fight, and to prove that, divergent as they may appear, all the roads on which he may have to travel, if followed to their natural term, will lead the sincere and earnest seeker to the City of Light, enthroned on its everlasting hills.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

REVIEWS

Catholic Christianity, or the Reasonableness of Our Religion. By Rev. O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS, C.S.S.R. New York: Benziger Bros., \$1.50.

The Ancient Journey. By A. M. SCHOLL. With an Introduction by the Rev. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

The Progress of a Soul, or Letters to a Convert. Edited by KATE URSULA BROCK. With a Foreword by DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Bros. \$1.00.

These three books were written by converts who brought to their task that freshness of view, and that enthusiastic gratitude for the gift of faith which it does hereditary Catholics so much good to behold or to read about. In the preface to his excellent work of apologetics Father Vassall writes: "My chief purpose in printing this book is to help those who find faith difficult, and consequently may feel the need of such help, but have no leisure and perhaps no inclination for the reading of long works." He well says that "it was never meant by God that it should be easy to believe." But if those with difficulties will read this book, faith will certainly be easier for them, because the author expounds the teachings of the Church admirably and meets in a convincing way the objections urged by Protestants and rationalists. The volume is divided into three parts: "Is the Christian Religion True?" "Is Catholicism True?" and "What Does Catholic Christianity Give?" and under these heads are twenty-seven chapters covering subjects as diverse and important as "The Appeal of Christianity to Reason," "The Evidence from Miracles," "The Development of Doctrine" and "The Communion of Saints."

A. M. Scholl's "Ancient Journey" is that of the soul to God with an account of the provision that the Church offers the pilgrim. The book, which is written with delicate literary skill, is the work of a well-read lady who had long fluctuated between agnosticism and High-Church Anglicanism, but at last found her home in the Catholic Church, and now records her experiences and impressions during the quest and after its attainment. Particularly good is the chapter on "The Need of the Symbol," in which the author remarks:

The theory of the reformers was that they who sought the light of God needed no outward sign of that inner effulgence: a logic controverted by every homely or beautiful fact of daily life; by birthday gifts, and fires on the hearth, by wedding rings and funeral wreaths. . . . Persons who would scorn to show reverence to the relics of a saint, yet keep through long years the toys of a dead child. . . . They remain Catholics in all human affairs while declining to be Catholics in the domain of the spirit.

The author has an amusing description of the consternation her conversion caused among her Protestant friends, and concludes accordingly that "Protestants are tolerant in theory and intolerant in practice; Catholics intolerant in theory and tolerant in practice."

"The Progress of a Soul" is made up of the letters written to her Protestant and unbelieving friends after the author's

conversion from Anglicanism. She testifies that in her circle is rarely found one who has "ever read a Catholic book or who has ever inquired of a Catholic priest what the beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church really are," and that in the Anglican Church "there is a sad failure to hold the children," because "not enough is made of the infancy, the childhood, and the boyhood of Our Lord." Those who deal with converts will find these three books valuable. W. D.

State Policy in Irish Education: A. D. 1536 to 1816. Exemplified in Documents Collected for Lectures to Post-graduate Classes. By the Rev. T. CORCORAN, D.Litt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

With that sound historical instinct which marked his preceding volume, "Studies in the History of Classical Education, Irish and Continental," Father Corcoran has gone to the sources of the subject which he brings before us in the present volume. It is one which is important in itself and its consequences and timely in the actual interest which it everywhere excites. It is the history of education in Ireland, in its relations to the State, and as far as it has been used by the State as an *instrumentum regni*, an instrument to further its own aims and designs. The very first document quoted by the author shows the trend of the general policy pursued by the English Government. It is a letter from Henry VIII, given at "Grenewyche" in 1537 and addressed to the citizens of Galway. The King requests "that every inhabitant within the saide towne indevor themself to speke Englishe, and to use theym selfe after the Englishe fashion; and specially that you, and every of you, do put forth your childe to scole, to lerne to speke Englyshe. . . ." The burghers of Galway do not seem to have paid very much attention to the royal demand and kept to the fine old Gaelic which they have handed down without much "Englyshe" to their children to the present day.

The documents given by the learned editor cover every phase of the burning question. One tells of "Anglo-Norman Monasteries and Education," another of a "Midland University projected for Irish 'runagates,'" a third of the Franciscans in Irish education. The seventy-second document outlines the conditions under which persons professing the "Popish" religion may be permitted to teach; the fifty-seventh tells how Catholic teachers at one time were prohibited, even in private houses. The reading of State-papers and documents is usually a dull and tedious task. But whether intentionally or by a lucky accident, the papers gathered here have a certain dramatic value. Each tells its story, a story of injustice too often, but where at last those who fought the good fight for the liberty of education according to their beliefs and their conscience were awarded with success. Father Corcoran's book will be well-nigh indispensable to the student of Irish education and history. J. C. R.

The Brontës and Their Circle. By CLEMENT SHORTER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$0.50.

As this excellent book, which first appeared in 1896, is now included in the "Wayfarers Library," it should find a wide circle of readers. Mrs. Gaskell of course has written once and for all the biography of Charlotte Brontë, but she did not have access to the rich store of letters of which Mr. Shorter has here made such admirable use. For he so arranges them, supplying whenever necessary biographical data and comment, that the book reads like a new life of "Jane Eyre's" author. Charlotte Brontë's letters are as characteristic of the writer as are her novels. She describes the lonely life she led at Haworth; she freely expresses her opinion of her father's curates, gives her views of a governess's hard life, and offers sound and fearless criticism of the books and men of her time. As is well known, Charlotte Brontë used to bring into her

stories the adventures she actually had. For instance, readers of "Villette" will remember the account of a Protestant girl's confession to a Brussels priest, and in the following letter to her sister, Emily, Charlotte describes just how it happened:

A little wooden door inside the grating opened, and I saw the priest leaning his ear towards me. I was obliged to begin, and yet I did not know a word of the formula with which they always commence their confessions. It was a funny position. I felt precisely as I did when alone on the Thames at midnight. I commenced with saying I was a foreigner and had been brought up a Protestant. The priest asked if I was a Protestant then. I somehow could not tell a lie and said "yes." He replied that in that case I could not "*avoir du bonheur de la confesse*"; but I was determined to confess, and at last he said he would allow me because it might be the first step towards returning to the true church. I actually did confess—a real confession. When I had done he told me his address, and said that every morning I was to go to the rue du Parc—to his house—and he would reason with me and try to convince me of the error and enormity of being a Protestant! I promised faithfully to go. Of course, however, the adventure stops there, and I hope I shall never see the priest again. I think you had better not tell papa of this. He will not understand that it was only a freak, and will perhaps think I am going to turn Catholic.

Toward the end of the book there is an amusing account of Miss Brontë's first meeting with Thackeray, her literary idol. A number of friends had gathered to listen in rapture to the sparkling conversation that was expected to ensue, but poor Charlotte was "painfully stupid" and scarcely opened her mouth. Finally Thackeray put on his hat and went off to his club for relief.

W. D.

An Introduction to Astronomy. BY FOREST ROY MOULTON, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.60.

This new and revised edition of Moulton's excellent textbook will be welcomed by the large number of teachers who used the first edition, and will deservedly find its way into a number of colleges. Texts of astronomy have been for the most part either too discursive and elementary on the one hand, or too encyclopedic or mathematical on the other. Moulton's "Introduction" has avoided both these extremes with admirable skill. While the treatment is thoroughly scientific, the author's style is so clear and concise that the book will prove extremely readable. The reviewer knows from a number of years' experience with the first edition that even the students agree with this judgment. The book has lost none of these excellent qualities in the revision, which incorporates an accurate and reasonably complete summary of the new results of astronomical science during the past decade. It is refreshing to find in a textbook diagrams so clearly and accurately drawn and free from confusing and irrelevant detail.

To those who are fond of berating the Congregation that dared to criticize Galileo is commended the statement on page 98 that "*the first actual proof that the earth revolves around the sun was based on the laws of motion in 1686*," whereas Galileo died in 1642. Galileo consequently couldn't have "proved" that the earth revolved about the sun. In Chapter XII, "The Evolution of the Solar System," the word "evolution" is taken in the broadest possible sense to include all progress. An evolution that is "orderly" and "lawful" is very different from the "chance" evolution that we were and are still told was "real" evolution and not a "scholastic" substitute. Orderliness and law would seem to demand a principle of order and a law-giver. In this same chapter Dr. Moulton gives a detailed non-mathematical account of the "Planitesimal Hypothesis" which he and Chamberlain have originated and offer as a satisfactory substitute for the "Nebular Hypothesis." It is a plausible explanation, but has not a few intrinsic difficulties of its own.

M. J. A.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The nine short sermons found in "The Three Hours' Agony of Our Lord Jesus Christ" (Longmans, \$0.75) were preached by the author, the Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York City. They are in every way worthy of the permanent form into which they have now been cast. Their unction, tenderness and practical lessons will undoubtedly bear fruit in the heart of the reader and bring home to him in a more intimate and simple manner the great and sacred tragedy which the Church is commemorating at this season. The seven short meditations on the Seven Words are preceded by an introductory discourse and closed with an epilogue. The little book will afford timely and edifying reading during Holy Week.

In "Further Foolishness" (Lane, \$1.25), Mr. Stephen Leacock's latest volume of sketches and satires on the follies of the day, there is nothing better than "Serge the Superman," a clever parody of the Russian novels that are now enjoying such a vogue. "Madeline of the Movies, a Photoplay Done Back Into the Words," will appeal to those whom the average film-play's swift action has bewildered, and "The White House from Without In" is an amusing satire. As collections of humorous papers generally cloy the persistent reader, Mr. Leacock's "Further Foolishness" will be more enjoyed if the book is only dipped into now and then.

"Sea Warfare" (\$1.25), by Rudyard Kipling, and "Flying for France" (\$1.00), by James R. McConnell, are two Doubleday, Page books that will give the reader some idea of how battles are fought today in the air and under the sea. The author of the first intersperses his papers on "The Fringes of the Fleet," "Tales of 'The Trade'" and "Destroyers at Jutland," with verses which are hardly those of the Kipling of fifteen years ago. The other book describes the adventures had with the American Escadrille at Verdun by a sergeant-pilot in the French Flying Corps. The light-hearted way that the Americans, who had volunteered as airmen, play with death is strikingly brought out, and the author's accounts of aerial engagements and maneuvers are as realistic as could be desired.

"Letters to a Young Housekeeper" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.35) by Jane Prince is a helpful book to the novice who must steer the household ship clear of difficulties which beset it on all sides. The letters referring to financial affairs are especially interesting. Every experienced housekeeper will approve the suggestion to buy groceries in small quantities, and the chapters devoted to servants and their duties are enlightening, for all housekeepers have moments of profound discouragement when a servant shows an utter lack of intelligence or gratitude. The chapter entitled "Family Meals" will assist those who fail through inattention to observe a few ordinary formalities. Altogether, this is a useful volume which helps to solve some perplexing questions.—R. F. Foster's "Pirate Bridge" (Dutton, \$1.50) gives a lucid explanation of the successor to "auction bridge." The preface contains a historical account of the game from its introduction by Charles Cotton in 1674 to its final evolution. Encouragement is given the poor-card holder who in auction was almost helpless, and rubbers can here be played in less time than in the old game, when scoring many times "above the line" seemed interminable.

The first four numbers of the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique* (Gabriel Beauchesne) for the present year maintain the same high order of excellence for which it has been distinguished for more than eleven years. There are the usual articles written mainly for specialists in one field or another, but there are

also others which are of more general interest. Preeminently among the latter is the study entitled "*La Famille et la Société*," which sets forth very clearly and convincingly the relations which exist between these two elements of civilized life. The discussion centers principally about the child, and is very illuminating. Another article which has a poignant appeal for all lovers of France is "*Nos Impatiences*," which goes into the question of God's Providence over France and the hopes and duties of the eldest daughter of the Church.

To the young who have not yet outgrown their love of the romantic, and to the old for whom life's realism has not brought a lessening of their romantic tastes, must needs appeal "The Yeoman Adventurer" (Putnam, \$1.50), George W. Gough's stirring tale about Oliver Wheatman of the Hanyards, who has certain thrilling adventures, exciting to read and by him set down, from the time he catches his great jack in the little Staffordshire brook, and meets Mistress Margaret Wayneffete on its banks, through the enthralling days of Bonnie Prince Charlie's rebellion, when Master Wheatman is appointed his aide-de-camp, on to the ruin of that cause, and the winning of Mistress Wayneffete. A whirling world of breathless events passes before the reader's mind, in language that must be fit, for Master Oliver knows and loves his Virgil well. "There is a great line in the Aeneid which I had tried in vain a hundred times to translate. Three days ago I would have tilted at it once more with all the untutored zeal of a verbalist. I should never need to try it again. There are some lines in the Master that life alone can translate. *Sunt lachrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*" The hero at times reminds one of John Ridd and the style is reminiscent of Blackmore.

The latest book of Stephen Graham, who has made himself an authority on the modern Muscovite for English and American readers, is "Russia in 1916" (Macmillan, \$1.25). He begins with a good description of the new Arctic harbor of Ekaterina, on which stands the booming town of Alexandrovsk, a Russian Klondike. Prices have almost trebled, he testifies, since the war began, and *dorogovizna* is the word for the high-cost-of-living. Austrian prisoners cultivate the fields, no casualty lists are published, and all are resigned to a long war. There is a good chapter on Russian literature in which Mr. Graham says that "Artsibashev continues to write salacious stories for the Russian middle-class," and that translations of W. J. Locke's novels flood the country. Vodka and beer have disappeared, he finds, but "there is more gambling, more unrestrained sexual sin." The wrong impulse only breaks out elsewhere. In the author's opinion the new-rich in Russia, which the war has made, "is the worst of its kind in Europe." "Russia in 1916" is a very readable book.

Ian Hay's "Pip, a Romance of Youth" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50), is the story of an English schoolboy's progress to manhood. There are long descriptions of cricket games, "mystic, wonderful" and of successful pranks. Pip's a good sort and deserves to win fair Elsie. The automobile episode is very entertaining—"Lydia of the Pines" (Stokes, \$1.40), Honore Willsie's heroine, is a poor, motherless girl who grows up in the neighborhood of an Indian reservation and sees how the only real Americans there are cheated and debauched by the whites. Lydia's religious training is very defective, but she "goes in strong" for self-improvement and makes a judicious choice from her several suitors.—Two more volumes of H. C. Bunner's stories, "Short Sixes" and "More Short Sixes" (Scribner, \$1.35 each), have been brought out. Popular as these stories were in the nineties, it is doubtful whether an enthusiastic welcome will be extended them now, except by confirmed lovers

of Bunner. He was a fashion in his day, but the day of the merely clever magazine-writer is short.—Helen M. Sharp's novel, "The Stars in Their Courses" (Putnam, \$1.50), is another attempt to lay at the door of heredity a failing for which other causes are mainly responsible. Patrick Yardley, according to the author, is a gambler by inherited instinct, but according to the story he is one by environment and early training. The story is well written, for the most part is interesting, but some of the incidents are what the author, with her penchant for French quotations, would probably call *invraisemblable*.

Margaret M. Kennedy's "Thirty-One Days with Our Blessed Lady, Being a Book Compiled for a Little Girl" (Benziger, \$1.00); "Princess Marie José's Children's Book" (Stokes, \$1.25); "The Princess of Let's Pretend" (Dutton, \$1.50), by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, and "J. Cole" (Lippincott, \$0.50), by Emma Gellibrand, are attractive books for the little ones. The first is made up of reflections, counsels and prayers suggested by Our Lady's life and virtues. It will make a good May-day present for a schoolgirl. The second contains some forty British authors' offerings to King Albert's little daughter. The volume is illustrated with sixteen color plates, of which Daphne Allen's "The Vision" is the best, and with numerous pictures in black and white. The eleven fairy stories in the third volume mentioned are made realistic by some thirty pictures taken from the "movies." "J. Cole," an excellent short-story about a faithful little page, is sure to interest all young readers and to bring tears to the eyes of some. The book is suitably illustrated in color by Maria L. Kirk.

The March Month opens with a tribute to the late Duke of Norfolk; Father Keating contributes a paper on "The Freedom of the Seas"; Alex Johnston writes on "Horticulture for Girls"; Father Thurston on "Spirit Phenomena," and there are good stories by John Ayscough, Mary Samuel Daniel and "M. B. H." To the *Irish Monthly* for March Emily Hickey contributes the following poem, "On the Threshold of Eternity," the original French of which was dictated on his deathbed by R. P. Xavier de Fourvières, the renowned Provençal *fêlibre*, who died Prior of Storington, Sussex:

No more Provence, nor England any more!
All in the light, the passing splendor, lost!
New skies I see, and a new earth I see—
No more Provence, nor England any more.

On the new shores that God is showing me,
O joy, I speak, and I am understood!
And none but answers glad in our sweet tongue,
On the new shores that God is showing me.

O fair eternal bridegroom of our souls,
Cut quickly now the cables of my bark.
Take me . . . they say Thou speakest the tongue I love
Thee in!
In the eternal kiss speak to my soul.

Oh, speak, and be Thine heart opened to mine.
Speak in my golden tongue, fair treasure of mine.
My Love, the Fount source of every tongue. O Word,
My Spouse, be Thine heart opened unto mine.

The best poems in Mr. Shane Leslie's "Verses in Peace and War" (Scribner, \$1.00), a slender book of thirty pages, with a good portrait of the author as a frontispiece, are the quatrains he wrote in memory of comrades slain in battle. Here are his "Epitaphs for Aviators":

Leap high, ye coursers of the wind,
Against this Church's steadfast aisle—
It guardeth one of mortal kind,
Who bridled you a little while.

One flying past the Alps to see
What lay beyond their crest—
Behind the snows found Italy
Beyond the mountains—rest.

Nor rugged earth nor untamed sky
Gave him his death to die,
But gentlest of the Holy Three—
The long grey liquid Sea.

Say not his life is little worth
Whose broken wings are made his shroud;
Death men have met on sea and garth,
But he hath slain him in the cloud.

Another one of mortal birth
Hath set his spirit free.
Lie very lightly on him, Earth,
Who did not tread on thee.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Archabbey Press, Beatty:**
Manuale Ordinandum or The Ordination Rite According to the Roman Pontifical. With Preparations, Instructions, Decrees, etc. By Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O.S.B. Cloth, \$0.50; leather paper, \$0.25.
- Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:**
Le Témoignage des Apostats. Par Th. Mainage. 4 fr.; Pensées Chrétiennes sur la Guerre. Par Jules Lebreton. 1 fr.; En Face de la Douleur. Par Antonin Eymieu. 1 fr.
- Benziger Brothers, New York:**
Camillus de Lellis: The Hospital Saint. By a Sister of Mercy. \$1.00; Thirty-One Days with Our Blessed Lady. By Margaret M. Kennedy. Illustrated. \$1.00; The Angelus Series: A Year of Cheer. By Scannell O'Neill; Maxims from the Writings of Katharine Tynan. With Portrait; On Good Will. From the French of Joseph Schrijvers, C.S.S.R. By Francesca Glazier; Contemplations of the Dread and Love of God. From the Ms. Harleian 2409 in the British Museum. Now Done into Modern English by Frances M. M. Comper. \$0.50 each; The Way of the Cross. Large-Type Edition. \$0.15.
- Browne & Nolan, Ltd., Dublin:**
A History of the Irish Dominicans. From Original Sources and Unpublished Records. By M. H. MacInerney, O.P. Vol. I, Irish Dominican Bishops (1224-1307). 10s. 6d.
- The Devin-Adair Co., New York:**
Songs of Creelabeg. By Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C.
- Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:**
Man's Unconscious Conflict. By Wilfrid Lay, Ph.D. \$1.50; The Life of the Grasshopper. By J. Henri Fabre. \$1.50.
- George H. Doran Co., New York:**
Hurrah and Hallelujah. By Dr. J. P. Bang. With an Introduction by Ralph Connor. \$1.00.
- E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:**
Grail Fire. By Zephine Humphrey. \$1.50; Woman. By Vance Thompson. \$1.25; Malice in Kulturland. By Horace Wyatt. Illustrated by W. Tell. \$0.75.
- J. Fischer & Bro., New York:**
Masses. Series One. Mass in Honor of St. Catherine. \$0.80; Mass in Honor of St. Ciro. \$0.60.
- Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston:**
Pip. A Romance of Youth. By Ian Hay. \$1.50; Music and Life. By Thomas Whitney Surette. \$1.25; The Road to Understanding. By Eleanor H. Porter. Illustrated. \$1.40; Edith Bonham. By Mary Hallock Foote. \$1.50.
- The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia:**
Songs of a Wanderer. By Philip M. Raskin.
- P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:**
Dark Rosaleen. By M. E. Francis. \$1.35.
- Alfred A. Knopf, New York:**
Modern Russian History. Translated by Alexander S. Kaun from the Russian of Alexander Kornilov. 2 Vols. \$5.00.
- J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:**
J. Cole. By Emma Gellibrand. Illustrated in Color by Maria L. Kirk. \$0.50; Training for a Life Insurance Agent. By Warren M. Horner. \$1.25.
- Longmans, Green & Co., New York:**
Some Minor Poems of the Middle Ages. Selected and Arranged with an Introduction by Mary G. Segar. Glossary by Emmeline Paxton. \$1.00; Tales of the Great War. By Henry Newbolt. Illustrated. \$1.75.
- Robert M. McBride & Co., New York:**
The Torch-Bearers of Bohemia. By V. I. Kryshanovskaya. Translated by Juliet M. Soskice. \$1.40.
- Mission Press, Techny:**
Garcia Moreno's Death. A Modern Tragedy in 5 Acts. Adapted by Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D. \$0.25.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:**
The Man in Court. By Frederic De Witt Wells. \$1.50; The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. By Fabre d'Olivet. \$3.00.
- Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:**
In the Wilderness. By Robert Hichens. \$1.50; Lydia of the Pines. By Honore Willsie. \$1.40; Princess Marie-Jose's Children's Book. \$1.25.
- Wagner & Co., New York:**
Enlargements upon Meditations Made in Time of Retreat. By Rev. John Rickaby, S.J. \$0.60.
- World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson:**
School and College Credit for Outside Bible Study. By Clarence Ashton Wood. \$1.50.

EDUCATION

Reading in the Grades

THE problem of reading is one of the most difficult and important for the teacher to solve, for teaching a pupil to read is teaching him to think. Reading is the key which admits him to the company of the greatest men. It is the "Sesame" to the riches of all ages. Our great aim in teaching reading is threefold: (1) to insure thought; (2) to secure intelligent oral expression; (3) to create and foster a love of good literature.

THE BASIC METHODS

SOME educators, governed by the recapitulation theory, are raising the cry, "postpone reading until the fourth year of a child's school life." Such a course will not remedy the evils of poor reading. We need to banish poor methods and bad texts. We must have a body of intelligent, enthusiastic and properly trained teachers, who value the findings of sane psychology and who apply those findings to the demands of the class-room.

There are many methods of teaching reading, each with its peculiar advantages and disadvantages. There are the highly honored alphabetic method, using the combinations of the letters to give words, essentially a method for teaching spelling; the phonic and phonetic methods, using the functions of letters to teach words, and securing distinct articulation; this also is an aid in teaching spelling. There are, too, the word method, making the word the unit of oral speech; the sentence method, insisting that the language expression of a unit of thought is the sentence, and the story method, which appeals to the child's interest through the cumulative tale. Each has advocates to herald it, and texts to demonstrate its underlying principles. It is true that a good teacher will obtain results independent of text and method; nevertheless, the use of a text based on a definite system makes for efficiency. The broadly trained, wide-awake teacher, conversant with general methodology, will not limit herself to any single device, but will put into practice the best she can glean from all. Realizing that reading is a process of thought-getting, and that a mastery of the technique of symbols is essential for word recognition, she will combine the two basic methods, analytic and synthetic, so as to secure the best results.

DEVICES AND THEIR DANGERS

AS we pass to the grammar grades, the reading problem grows more difficult of solution. Instead of condemning new methods as frills, the teacher in these grades ought to study the specific aim of the lessons assigned to the grade she is teaching, and by careful preparation of her work see that reading does not become a mere transitional exercise. Economy of time and effort has to be appreciated in this all-important problem. The advanced grades must put to use whatever devices have helped the pupil in the lower grades. If the child has a mastery of symbol and of thought-getting, that power must be utilized. If he has learned to break up new words into phonograms, or if he has been accustomed to associate idea and symbol, the teacher has two effective tools with which to give full value to the work in hand. The intensive and extensive reading lessons, properly conducted in these grades, will help children toward accurate speech and perfection in the art of reading, and will also aid in the development of a correct literary sense. Dramatization of the reading lesson will develop self-activity and initiative, and will, at the same time, inculcate moral ideas. The danger of this alluring device lies in the unwise handling of it, but conscientious teachers are careful not to give too much attention to the intellectual aristocrats of the class-room by overpraise or overtraining. Moreover, dramatization becomes intolerable when it begins to cause the deteri-

oration of discipline, and the successful actors and actresses must realize that education is anything but play, and that, if the class-room is a stage, work is its exacting manager.

THOUGHT-GATHERING

FROM the beginning, emphasis should be placed upon proper thought-getting, and indeed no gift of the spirit is so widely lacking today as the love of good literature. Hence the demands for good texts in early reading. The market is filled with pedagogical trash which has a numbing effect upon the souls of its victims, and unless the teacher is trained in principles of true philosophy, she will blunder if the selection of text be left to her. The "Culture Epoch Theory," which is supposed to be the logical application of the biological theory that "ontogeny is a recapitulation of phylogeny," is favorably regarded by quite a number of our influential leaders in the educational world, and has modified texts and methods. Texts like the "Social Studies" by Elizabeth Dopp, Ph.D., and "Eskimo Stories" by Mary Smith, based on such principles as that just quoted, should not be placed in the hands of our children. There is a crying need of texts thoroughly Catholic. Writing Catholic across the cover and front page, scattering a few religious pictures through a book, does not make it Catholic. The text, to be Catholic, must bear the stamp of Catholic faith; it must be a storehouse of spiritual ideals; it must not sin against morals nor true pedagogy; it must set forth Catholic principles exemplified in life.

THE MORAL VALUE

THE teacher of the young, possessed of the idea that character-formation is the end of any true system of education, will strive to awaken within the souls of the little ones entrusted to her a love of the beautiful in literature. The reading lesson offers many opportunities for teaching the beauty of truth and honesty and obedience, the dignity of labor, the nobility of self-sacrifice, and fidelity to duty.

Much has been said and written concerning the establishment of high literary standards among our college and high school students, but it is equally important to form a taste for good reading in our children in the grades. Comparatively few of our boys and girls ever enter a secondary school. These are the children who need, most of all, to be trained how to use leisure moments well. The formation of a correct literary taste must at least be started in the grades if we expect to cope successfully with the serious problem of reading in the high school and college. Since the most productive soil for literary sowing is in the grades, it is imperative that we make provision for a collection of good books in all our schools. The Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S.J., in his excellent treatise, "Formation of Character," speaking of the culture afforded by free access to books, remarked that "the library must represent the adult mind and capabilities and not be depressed down to the actual level of the child, or else it will never be an engine for lifting him up."

NEED OF A MANUAL

READING is important, but there are other problems, in and out of the school, that claim the attention of the grade teacher. She has little time to read all current literature, and yet she is expected to direct the reading of her pupils and "graduates." The teacher will gladly welcome such a guide as was suggested by the Rev. R. A. Fleming, S.J., at the 1912 Convention of the Catholic Educational Association, who recommended that "there be compiled, under the direction and with the authority of this Association, a manual that might be called, to indicate its contents, a 'Catholic Teacher's Guide for Student Reading.'" Charles D. Warner's "Library of the

World's Best Literature" is suggestive of what might be done in the compilation of such a work as we endorse. In several of his volumes is given a brief resumé, not more than a hundred words on an average, of the most notable works in our language. Were such a work modified to meet the teacher's demands and limited time, and published under Catholic supervision, a problem might be solved that is worthy of solution. Supplements might be published periodically when recent publications have been amply criticized in our competent Catholic papers and magazines.

SISTER M. XAVIER

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SOCIOLOGY

The Toledo Conference Evenings

EMINENT sociologists have been telling us for years past that only when civic consciousness becomes a virtue will the greatest and most oppressive of today's problems be solved. Civic consciousness is a high sounding phrase, but like most great things its beginnings are modest. It grows from the home, blossoms into the yard, the neighborhood, the parish, and fructifies into the common desire on the part of an entire city, for improved conditions. The very foundation of civic consciousness, therefore, is found to be the home, and acquaintanceship its process of growth.

The People's Conference Evenings of the Catholics of Toledo, which originated in a wide-spread feeling of their need, and came into existence with the hearty approval of ecclesiastical authority, have recently concluded their first half year. It is too early to forecast their ultimate outcome, but not too early to announce that they have been successful beyond most sanguine expectation. Possibly other Catholic communities may be interested in the Toledo scheme; hence this article.

PROGRAM AND PROCEDURE

IN consonance with the principles above mentioned, home and acquaintanceship were made the basis of the Conferences. Eight centers were established in conveniently located parish halls throughout the city, and each of the lecturers visited these centers at regular intervals. Subjects of universal interest and import were selected, sanitation in the home and workshop, the home and its environment, juvenile delinquency, recreation in the home, by cleric and lay speakers of experience. Each center was the meeting place of two or more parishes and the duty of entertaining and conducting meetings fell upon each parish in turn. The Conferences were as informal as good order would permit. They opened with prayer, followed by a musical selection; the speaker of the evening was introduced pointedly and modestly; the lecture was delivered; then followed other musical selections; and then the backbone of the meeting, the discussion. Here each person present was free to propose experiences, difficulties, comments, objections, suggestions, action. Youth and age were on the same footing and all joined in an expression of views which waxed now serious, now humorous; at times the discussions pleaded for action and at others for entertainment and a "get-together" feeling. At the conclusion of the discussion, lasting sometimes for an hour or more, and following a brief summing-up, the meeting was ended with prayer at an hour, generally ten o'clock, which enabled those who came from a distance to arrive home in good time. Frequently the intermission was put to good use by those present for the development of acquaintanceship. The family circle spirit was quite generally felt by every one and unusual freedom of response was experienced.

It would not be exaggeration to say that many Catholics discovered for the first time, at these Conferences, numerous

AMERICA

other Catholics among their friends. For years they had been going to Mass Sunday after Sunday without meeting in a social way even a moderate number of their fellow-Catholics. Young men and young women of the same neighborhood found that they had been going too far afield for friendships which might have been advantageously cultivated at their own doors. Fathers and mothers found that other Catholic fathers and mothers were encountering similar problems; these meetings presented an opportunity for the exchange of experiences and remedies. The older folk candidly admitted the existence of problems which they, in their youth, had not even imagined. The general conclusion was that all had been missing something very valuable; and there was a concerted resolve to take advantage of opportunity at the Conferences.

STRENGTHENING THE HOME

BY a recurrence to the subjects of the Conferences, it will be seen that the home found the place of importance. This may appear a trite subject for lecture purposes, and in some respects it is. But Toledo has of late years been realizing the need of getting back to home values. A thousand insinuating agencies combine to draw father and mother, son and daughter from the home and they are, all too often, agencies which promise no good. Recreation has been cheapened into universal accessibility and made so attractive and exertionless that seldom do we think of providing recreation. We have passed the work of entertaining along to some one else and we go to the theater to see him "do his bit." Frequent absence from home, then, leads to a centering of our interest elsewhere; thus the fireside loses its warmth, ashes and soot gather fold on fold, the andirons lose their pristine brightness and the cricket, Dickens' spirit of contentment, chirps but feebly. Each lecturer, as a consequence, insisted upon the necessity of cultivating the home spirit, but as a grand finale to his evening's talk diverged from the home to the neighborhood, broadened out into the parish and into the city, and heralded Catholic activity in the community.

SOME IMMEDIATE RESULTS

THE immediate result of the work of the first half-year on the Conferences is that the Catholics of the city of Toledo are on the way to becoming better acquainted with one another and are gradually having their social spirit quickened. Action, concerted, city-wide action was avoided. Attention and detail were limited to the inculcation of home values and an insistence upon acquaintanceship. Action will come in the second half of the year, when from the common wealth of suggestion and information which the lecturers in their visits to the centers have been successful in evoking: a program of definite, concerted work will be arranged and proposed. In spite of the fact that work of this nature was not attempted at the individual meetings, personal and parish enterprise has taken steps to carry out the injunctions of the speakers. Amusements will be watched; the cinema has been introduced into several schools and parish halls; sanitation will be made more and more a household thing, and the extramural surroundings of the home will be made a source of pride through family labor; the dangers of the streets will be discounted into harmlessness through parental watchfulness. These benefits have been realized quite aside from the one special object in view for the introductory work. The manner in which acquaintanceship was dwelt upon, thought about and illustrated; the strength of the common conviction that future results depend largely upon individual effort in the home are matters of gratification to all, director, lecturers, and audiences.

EDWARD F. MOHLER.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Telephone Manners

THE New York Public Service Commission's recent decision that a telephone subscriber who uses opprobrious and abusive language when calling up "Central" deserves to have his telephone removed and the service discontinued is unquestionably a just one, for telephone girls should of course be protected against insults from the vulgar and illbred. But the faithful observance of the rules placed at the beginning of the "Telephone Directory," which require operators "to be courteous in their dealings with subscribers," and which lay down for the latter clear directions about "How to Use the Telephone," would make unnecessary such drastic measures as the discontinuance of the service. No doubt the Public Service Commission would consider as beyond its province the composition of a little book of etiquette for the guidance of subscribers in their intercourse with one another. For many men and women who would blush to be wanting in courtesy and considerateness in communicating face to face with their even-Christians, seem to forget their good manners when they use the phone. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth!" would be a good Lenten prayer for telephone subscribers.

Special Preparedness Tax

A DIGEST of the act passed in the Senate, March 1, and providing for a special preparedness fund is published by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. In addition to previous taxes it includes an excess-profits tax of 8 per cent on the net earnings of corporations and partnerships in excess of \$5,000, plus 8 per cent of the actual capital invested. To illustrate the application of this rather complicated legislation the following example may be taken. A domestic corporation has \$200,000 actual capital and \$40,000 net earnings. Its amount of taxation is then computed as follows:

Net annual income.....	\$40,000
Amount exempt:	
Specific exemption.....	5,000
8% of \$200,000.....	16,000
Total exemption.....	21,000

Balance subject to 8% tax.....	\$19,000
Amount of tax to be paid.....	1,520

Foreign corporations and partnerships are likewise subject to this preparedness tax, although it is assessed in their case on the income received from sources within the United States only and exemptions are allowed proportionately. Net income is used as the basis for assessment, and partnerships are allowed the same deductions as are granted to individuals under sections five and six of the income-tax law. These new provisions do not affect the present income tax on individuals. The nation is beginning to feel what a possible war might mean from a purely financial point of view.

The Medieval and the Modern Sir Thomas More

IN dwelling on the personality of the late Duke of Norfolk the London *Times* reverts to the days of Henry VIII to find his spiritual prototype in Blessed Sir Thomas More. Leaving aside the literary gifts of the author of "Utopia," the writer seeks far deeper for the points of resemblance between these two great Catholic laymen who occupied respectively the highest positions of dignity in medieval and modern England. Both loved their country intensely, because they loved God even more:

There was in them both a peculiar combination of qualities not very often found together. They both combined the capacity for intense loyalty to causes and to individuals with great personal independence; they were both courageous and yet cautious in public affairs; both were of an open

temper and yet had marked gifts of diplomacy; they both frankly acknowledged the facts of life and the weaknesses of human nature, and yet preserved an undimmed sense of the ideal; they both combined an ardent seriousness with a boyish gaiety and humor that nothing could quench. There is a strong likeness even in the quality of their most trivial jests which seems to make a quaint echo through the centuries. Like More, too, the Duke combined an eager and active interest in public affairs with the most marked taste for domestic life. Both reveled in the humors and tender gaiety of a home circle. Both, while stern with themselves, were inclined to think that life should be made easy to others. Both had a passionate love of their country and a profound loyalty to their sovereign. None could be found more typically English, none ever loved their country better, none were ever more devoted to the See of Rome than were Thomas More and Henry Fitzalan Howard.

However much many of his fellow-Catholics may in their convictions and sympathies have been opposed to the political or national sentiments of the Duke of Norfolk, they can all heartily agree in their admiration of the ideal of the Catholic layman so happily sketched for us here in the picture of the medieval and the modern Sir Thomas More.

New Catholic College for Women

A CHARTER has been issued authorizing the establishment of a new Catholic college for women at Manhattanville, New York. It is to be known as the College of the Sacred Heart, and will be under the direction of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. Its course of studies has been approved without reservation by the New York Board of Regents, and embraces all the various branches that qualify a student for academic degrees. The establishment, in his archdiocese, of a new collegiate institution for the higher education of women has met with the heartiest approval of his Eminence Cardinal Farley, who immediately wrote to congratulate Mother Moran on the reception of the charter:

I received your announcement of the charter granted by the State Board of Regents for the College of the Sacred Heart. This news is very gratifying to me, as I have always been convinced that an extension of your educational work to include the college courses was necessary. With the splendid material available for the formation of a teaching staff, I have every confidence that you will make the College of the Sacred Heart a recognized power in the field of higher education. I congratulate you and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart on the new policy you have adopted, and wish the new college every success.

The college will be the central house of a group of academies conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in the eastern part of the United States, and many of the students from these various institutions will naturally rejoice in the possibility of now crowning their work with a degree from the hands of the religious whose training they prize so highly. The studies will remain predominantly literary with a firm foundation in ethics and philosophy. Social and political science are to be more fully taught with a practical application to present-day problems, together with the regular classical studies, modern languages, mathematics and physical sciences.

"The Tyrtæus of the Modern Christian Social Ideal"

EVERY student of contemporary Catholic world literature is familiar with the poet league of the Holy Grail, the *Grailbund*, of Vienna. Such names as Richard v. Kralik and Franz Eichert stand at the very head of modern Catholic poets. The dissonance of the war will not, therefore, be permitted to lessen the appreciation which every Catholic lover of true song has for them. Five years ago the former celebrated his sixtieth birthday, and during February of the present year the Catholics of Austria have fittingly commemorated the same anniversary of the poet, Franz Eichert. From one who had been

intimately acquainted with him comes the following beautiful estimate of his genius which we here translate from the St. Louis *Herold des Glaubens*:

As journalist, as editor of several Catholic papers, he labored quietly and unknown, like so many others of his colleagues, devoting himself zealously and unweariedly to the cause dearest to his heart. For the journalist posterity weaves no wreath. But immortal is the name of Eichert the poet. He is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the German-Austrian literature of our day. As a lyricist Eichert has been called "The Tyrtæus of the modern Christian social ideal," and this title of right belongs to him. But Eichert is not merely a party-poet. He is far, far more. It is true that, as man and poet, he hailed the first appearance of a positive Christian social movement among the people in the liberalistic Vienna of his day. But his terrible, clangorous accusations against the anti-social, inhuman, anti-Catholic and luxurious capitalism of that period, as well as his heartrending appeal for the suffering, hungering, disinherited, laboring classes, though lifted up with mighty and primitive force, were in no way the only strains from his poet-soul. Eichert's highest and purest art displays itself in his personal lyrics that belong to all time. Here he may fearlessly be placed by the side of the foremost of our living lyricists. There was in his poetry a two-fold power of appeal. For his contemporaries he became the mail-clad summoner to battle, an accuser, a warning voice, a prophet who shook the very souls of men. To posterity, however, he will rather be known as the gentle transfigured singer of the deepest, tenderest and most delicate moods of the human spirit, the most touching symphonies of the human heart. No one who is not thoroughly acquainted with both phases of the Eichert lyrics can rightly judge his art.

As the editor of the poets' magazine, the *Grail*, Eichert has exercised a vital influence upon German literature. More than 54,000 copies of his lyrics have been sold.

Twentieth-Century Need of a St. Patrick

"THE thing that impresses me most about St. Patrick and his time," said the Hon. Bird S. Coler in his address to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, at Staten Island, "is that he and the men whom he converted thought straight. They went to the point like a well-aimed shot." No lesson could be better chosen to point a moral for our age. Men have lost the power of true thinking and the tawdriest counterfeits are accepted for truth if clothed in esthetic language. The same holds true of their religious beliefs. The absurdities of the Christian Science hierophant are accepted for gospel by thousands.

What we need in the twentieth century is the light of the fifth century. What we need among modern men is the clear thought and true speech and sincere spirit of St. Patrick. What is the name of a century, fifth or twentieth, to truth? Give us the vision of St. Patrick: that is true for all the centuries. Give us the common-sense that takes things for what they are. Give us St. Patrick's sympathy with and understanding of facts. They did not know about airships then. They did not know about wireless telegraphy, and electric light, and a thousand other marvels, but they knew that a tree was a tree, and a man a man, and a lie a lie forever. . . . We need St. Patrick's spirit in our nation. We need it to drive out the snakes of a superstition that imputes magic powers to the silliest and most grotesque of sociological fibberty-gibbets. We need it to make a man love his country, and insist that in their schools children be taught to love their country. We need it to expel flag-burners and altar-desecrators, and those who thrust the raging fire of life into the hands of little children. We need it to banish from our minds the unclean things that go around with books at ten cents a copy in one hand and a hammer, to break the laws of decency, in the other.

There is need of not one only, but of many such men as St. Patrick was in his time, to convince the press of hypocrisy and the world of sin, to teach men to think correctly, to speak honestly and to discriminate the true from the counterfeit in all the things of life, but particularly in the fields of religion and morality.